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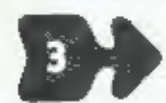
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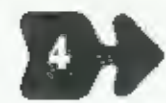
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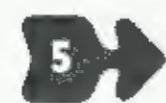


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SPRING 1999 PRICE \$7.95

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A STORY by BILL GUBBINS

AND OTHER PRINTED
ADVENTURES

Hi!

C'mon in, c'mon in! God, I'm so glad you could make it. It's so good to have you here.

Roads bad tonight? We needed some rain though, that's for sure. Find the place all right? The directions were okay, then? Or did you just have to stumble in all by yourself? Well, either way — who cares! Right now, could you imagine a better place for the two of us to be, than here, looking at each other?

So don't just stand out there in the pouring rain — come on in, silly!

Here, let me help you take that wet coat off. Lord, it's soaked! It must be a mess out there. And your umbrella — *whooo* — let's shake that out good. I was going to put your coat upstairs on the bed, but let's just hang it right here on this wooden hanger by the door so it'll dry out nice and good before you leave.

And, speaking of leaving, now remember . . . please feel free to leave whenever you like. Believe me, I know how busy you are, and how many other places there are for you to be, at this particular moment, and the others you could be visiting. So if you just want to stay for a drink or even just glance around and then run, why, it's fine with me.

But I do hope you'll stay, all the way through, because I've got some special treats for you and I do trust we'll have a nice time, here, together, right now.

I like what you're wearing today! You always look so good. Can I try and guess? Let me see, let me see . . . I bet the shirt's Gail Edgerton, isn't it? Ha, ha — you can't fool me. At first I thought it might be Comme des Garçons, but I know Rei could never afford to sell a white shirt, not with cuffs like *that*, no way!

And your slacks — what's that soft, beautiful fabric? Wow — Cronan sure knows his wool, doesn't he? Whew — let me have just a little feel,

okay? Smooth, baby, smooth; or, like Jim Carrey might say it: "Suh-mooth."

Now, come on down, keep coming, that's it, around the column here down into the den . . . to where all the fun will really begin; let's not waste another second with idle chitchat . . .

Yup, now I'm calling this part down here the "den," you know, now that it has that smooth, clean, Ritchie Neutra feeling, now that it's just simple, you know, modern, and all that cute stuff's gone. How do you like it? Yeah, yeah, all that cute stuff – gone, all of it. I kept inviting Marty and Nancy over, but he said "As long as it's cute, there's no way we're coming."

So, now I'm pretty much down to minimal – you know, your basic black, your basic white. Like all the white space? I really like how all the black just jumps out. Here's my philosophy: If it's black, it's for looking at, if it's white, it's for looking from.

Yes, yes, the chair's new. Those Eames loungers are so comfortable. I got it on sale from Full Upright Position. Be careful if you order from them, though, I waited forev – no, no, no! – don't sit in it . . . sit over here, on the couch. Here, right next to me. That's it, nice and close. It's cozy, isn't it? I like it when you sit close. I've got some stuff to show you, that's why. And this is the prime spot for the speakers, too.

Let me get you a drink . . . The music? Wait a minute, just a sec, I can't hear you . . .

Okay, here you go. *L'chaim!*

Oh, I just love being here, talking with you. It's just about the best place in the world; for me at least, and I hope for you, too.

So . . . the music. How do you like it? Kind of strange, isn't it? A little odd. Almost Chinese, huh?

Well, it's pretty special music, and it's music that means a great deal to me, and I hope, soon, to you. I have a reason for picking it, too; it's sort of my *deus ex machina* for how I'll fit talking about design into our time here together (as if we needed an excuse to talk about *design!*).

So, right now, what's on is a piece called "Tango" from a CD called *Quatermass* created by a composer named Tod Dockstader. That's right, Tod Dockstader, D-o-c-k-s-t-a-d-e-r. The CD is on the Starkland label.

But right now we're listening to it from the original record, on, of all things, Owl Records, at 1229 University Avenue, Boulder, Colorado, LP number ORLP-8. So I guess it was the eighth record that Owl put out. I don't think they're in business anymore. Funny, isn't it, their little owl-head logo looks like the owl logo for that restaurant chain. The little owl's head doesn't have the big circular eyeballs, though, of course. A strange world we live in, isn't it?

So, doesn't "Tango" sound good? There is a fundamental purity to Tod's music, an effortlessness, if you will. And while it doesn't sound *that much* different from most "electronic" music, it seems so *refreshingly* freed from the burdens of that *category* of music; the striving to prove a point or illustrate a "program" – you know, like "program" music, where it's supposed to illustrate a story or *tableaux* or something, where you're supposed to imagine the army's marching, charging feet as the drums beat louder, and louder, and louder, and . . .

No, Tod's music seems so above all that unfortunate *pedantry* that characterizes so much of this sort of music specifically, and much of the arts in general.

With Tod, you stop thinking of it as "electronic" or "experimental" or "musique concrète" or one of those other nutty terms, and it just becomes music, just good music.

You're drawn in – it has a seductiveness that most of this stuff never has. Listening to it isn't just some intellectual exercise; it's not work with Tod, it's . . . it's just . . . hell, it's just fun!

Now, while we're savoring "Tango," I want to tell you a story about Tod and his music so that I can finally let you know how all this crazy talk fits in with *design*, cause – I know you! I know you, yes I do! You always want to know "What's going on?" or why this or that is happening especially when it's happening like it is now, in real time! It would have been pretty cruel of me, even passive aggressive maybe, to have you come all this way down here if we were just going to talk about music, right? If there's no point, then – what's the point of coming over?

Well, like you, I've always been a big reader. And one of my favorite "reads" are interviews with musicians. I just love knowing how music gets made, what goes into it, what's behind the scenes, everything. And a great way to find out about all the little "secrets" is through reading Q&A interviews with musicians. You get to get inside someone's head during an interview; you get to know how they think, what their influences are, all that.

Well, I was reading an interview with a rock star once – she's (or he's) well known, and I'm sure you know her (or him), but I'm just shy about saying who it is. I just want to stay away from brand names here, plugging someone's career, or – may I be frank? – diverting attention from my mission at hand.

Anyhow, this rock star was talking about some of her favorite music, and the interviewer asked her what she thought about "electronic" music.

Well, she said she really didn't like much electronic music, that most of it wasn't so hot. However, she did say that there was this one guy, a guy named Tod Dockstader, and that she really liked his music, even if it was "electronic." And she mentioned two of his records, *Water Music* and *Apocalypse*. Then she got to talking, very enthusiastically, about one of the pieces, a piece called – you guessed it – "Tango."

And when she talked about "Tango," she made it sound so good, so damn good, about how the sound cross-faded back and forth between speakers, and how, just as the sound decayed in one channel, it started back up in the other, and how this whole sound made a circle around you, sort of whipping around your head, especially if you were wearing headphones.

Well, I've always had a soft spot in my heart for "electronic" music (and all its various "experimental" sub-categories, too – ha, ha, go, Penderecki, go!) and headphone-induced aural reverie to boot? Ha-ha! Where do I sign up?

Well, it did take some effort to track down *Water Music* and *Apocalypse*, on record, mind you, but when I finally got them, wow, this rock star was *right!* They sounded exactly as she said they would (in fact, you tell me. But hell, I think "Tango" sounds even better than her description of it!). And they've been a big part of my listening to this very day.

But, maybe I'm prejudiced in favor of Tod, because I gotta tell ya, I fell in love with the guy even before I ever heard any of his music. I liked him, really liked him, the minute I saw the covers of his albums (remember, not the CDs). But it wasn't the design that moved me, it was the

actual words — two of them, in fact — on the cover, that really did it.

So, do me a favor, reach over there on the table, that's it, right under the phone, hand me the cover to *Appocalypse*, and let's take a look at it. Remember, these are the original albums, the originals!

I know, sorry, those old record albums smell sorta bad, don't they?

But pick it up and hold it, hold it right between us, there you go, hold it just right, no, move it just a bit, so the light doesn't glare . . . That's it.

Now will you look at this? Kinda clean design, all black and white — I'm sure that's all Owl could afford — and with the obligatory gestural abstract-expressionist cover that most "electronic" music has, no less. But I mean, where did they get this, uh, *painting* from? Almost Chinese? Why, this looks like one of Franz Kline's Chinese writing lessons!

But none of that's the good part. Do you see that, right on the top, right above the title? There it is, right on top, centered over the title, there it is: "Organized Sound by Tod Dockstader"

That's it — *pay dirt*: "organized sound." Can you believe that? "Organized Sound"? I mean, nothin' to it, but to do it, right? "Organized Sound." Wow! "Organized Sound." Unnnngh — big time — "organized sound"!

Now, I don't know about you, but when I saw that phrase "organized sound," I thought that a bolt of lightning had gone through me. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

Why? Because after all the jibber and jabber and all the pompous pretension of all the composers and all their respective theories that you were supposed to swallow and all the categories and sub-categories of sub-categories (acid this, maximal that, house you, 12-tone me), there it was: the solution! The solution to the "theory" question. To all my problems. The simple solution. Clear as that dang bell. Clear as, clear as, clear as . . . Tod's very own music!

That's it! All of it! That's the simplicity I'd sought! *Organized sound*. Bingo! Forget music, forget "experimental," forget "trance," whatever — forget 'em *all*. If you're listening to it, if you can hear it, whether it's a ukulele or Abba or Jay-Z or La Monte Young or "How Much Is That Doggie In The Window?" it's all still just . . . oh yeah, you guessed it: it's all just "organized sound." And in effect, that's all music is, really, is just organized sound.

Okay, now yeah, yeah, yeah, when I finally got around to reading the liner notes on *Apocalypse*, it did say that the term "organized sound" was really invented by Edgard Varèse, another composer, one much further out than Tod, but hell, Tod's LP is the first place I saw it, so . . . to him the credit I should give, no? I mean, he used it in the title, right?

Anyway, you know there's no more pretentious group of people than composers are, and all that. Especially back during the Golden Age of Electronic Music, way back when. You ever read an interview with Morton Subotnick or Karlheinz Stockhausen or even Ryoji Ikeda? I mean, woof, pompous, like totally. Some of these, uh, *cats* are so pretentious, they'd make reading Ros Krauss seem like reading like Garfield (speaking, as we were, of cats)!

But here was somebody who resisted the pompass-ity and just said, what I do is . . . well, I just . . . *organize* . . . sound.

How simple. How sweet. How honest. How straightforward. And that's what moved me so very much, moves me still to this day. What a guy. Zero p-p-pretension. Zero promise. 100 Percent delivery. You've

got to love a guy like that. So wonderful, so pure, so lacking in the horrible *schmütz* of most avant-garde music of our time.

And then, I got to thinking about this "organized sound" business, and it just purified my thinking so much, so very much, and lordy, and then I started pondering, and then I pondered some more, and I pondered more, and . . . can you see it comin', oh yeah, can you see that train a comin', a comin' down the track? . . .

So then I went . . . Wow, what's design but, but, but . . . organized ink!

Does this get you as hopin' as it does — no, no, sure, go ahead and smoke if you like, I think I have some Gauloises around here somewhere — as it does me?

I mean, think of it: you, me, all of us, just "ink organizers." You know, forget "art director," forget "designer" forget "graphic artist" and just say . . . Ink Organized by Alexey Brodovitch. Wow, no? How brilliant is that? Really, what is a graphic designer, then, but . . . an ink organizer? You want wacko theories, huh? Well, that's one for you: we're all Ink Organizers! Oh yeah, oh yeah! And when you read anything, and look at this and look at that . . . just organized ink, all of it. So, wouldn't you all be better off, if you just thought of yourself as ink organizers?

We're just guiding — and organizing, of course — the ebb and flow of that old thick ink over, under, sideways, down that pounding printing press. Whew — that sure straightened some things out for me, that's damn sure!

That's it. That's all you do. That's all we all do. That's all I'm doing right now as these sheets of paper ska-wheeze through those extra tight rollers of the web-offset press, I'm just trying to organize the ink, my words of ink.

So now that my theory's full-blown, let's think ink, shall we?

But you know what? I've a confession to make, just to you: I don't know much about ink. All this thinking got me to realizing, it reminded me: geez, how little, how very little, I know about ink. Why don't we find out? Where does ink come from? What's the best ink? What's the worst? What's the high-priced spread? Is there a Wal-Mart of inks? Where do you get it? Is there a cool ink convention every year, you know, like the AIGA or TED, where people just talk about ink, and maybe even visionaries talk about the future of ink? If so, don't you wonder if Jaron Lanier ever spoke there?

So, just to get things started with my grand theory here, let's call a pal of mine who's in the printing business. He's a press manager at my printer. Here, dial this number, while I get you some espresso. You okay?

Yeah, right . . . ask for Donny. And hit that bottom button there, the red one, and we'll put him on speakerphone, then put him on hold . . .

Good. Here you go . . .

Donny?

"Hey."

Donny? It's Bill. How you do-in'? You gotta job up?

"Yeah, but I'm on break for a few minutes. What's up?"

Good, good — this won't take long. Donny, I'm here with a friend of mine, and we're just chatting, you know just ink on the page, ha-ha, right now we're in issue #50 of *Emigre* —

"Am-ee-wha . . ."

Em-ee-gray. Donny, uh, it's, uh, it's an art directors magazine. Well, it's not really a magazine, it's . . . Listen, it's not important. We — my

friend and I — we just want to ask you a few quick questions about ink.

"Ink? No foolin'? You want to know about *ink*?"

Sure, yes we do. I've sort of got this theory that design is just "organized ink" and I thought all of us needed to know more about...

"Run that by me again? What are you talk..."

Sure. See I have this theory, a theory that all we really do is just orga — Uh — no, no, look, it's not important, uh.... See, you've been in the business for a long time, and neither of us knows much about ink and we just wanted to get, like, up to speed. You know about ink, printer's ink... and all that. So can we bother you for about five minutes, and you know, just ask you a few questions about ink?

"Okay, I guess, but I'm pretty busy. Hey, what's all that *noise* there? You watchin' a horror movie or —"

Oh my gosh, ha-ha, no. Uh — just a sec — let me put you on hold and I'll —

Quick, *quick*! Get the clicker, turn that damn music *down*! Shit, now Donny's gonna think I'm really wack — Yeah, yeah, way down. Good, good, okay good, thanks.

Hey Donny, ha-ha, I'm back. Yeah, sorry. Uh yeah, a horror movie, yeah, uh, *Dr. X*, I think — Anyhow... Yeah, ink. You know, printer's ink. That's it, ink. And, listen, if you help me out here just a little, I'll tell you a joke when we're done. And it's such a good joke that I promise — I *promise* — it will make answering my few questions worthwhile. Wait a second, I'm gonna put you on hold for just a sec. Hold on —

I know this is kinda corny, but you know as well as I do that printers love jokes, and we're asking him for free ink info, so just bear with me. I promise this will all come out okay. Just trust me here and don't leave yet. The joke is pretty funny. Hang on, here, hang on —

Donny? Hey sorry, my bad, my bad, I just had to get my uh, my, my uh, cord straightened out here.... Okay, here we go: ink! First question: Where do you get your ink? I mean is there an Ink Store out there just for printers?

"Well, kind of. You can either get your ink from a place that makes ink, or you can get it from an ink wholesaler —"

There are actually ink *wholesalers*, wow...

"Oh sure. But, you know, we do enough volume that we just buy direct from a company around here that, that's all they do, they just make ink."

So, what do you do, just call them up —

"Yeah. We just call 'em up and say, 'Give us,' you know, 'Give us ten cans of'... shit, we just call our rep and say 'We need five cans of black, five cans of yellow, whatever we —'"

Wait. So printer's ink comes in *cans*?

"Ha, ha, yeah sure; what did you *think* it came in — envelopes? It comes in cans, Bill, five-pound cans. They're just cans... cans like you buy house paint in. Except they don't have the little handles."

So you just hold the cans in your hand?

"Yeah. You hold **THE CAN** in **YOUR HAND**. Is this too hard for you?"

No, no, this is great. All right, now, when you order the ink — let's say you're ordering black ink — do you just call up and say give me some black ink off the shelf or do they mix it or does it come in special grades or what?

"No, it's just — it's just black ink, black ink. You just ask for black process ink, you know, like in your Pantone book, or they could mix —"

So do they have cans of this stuff on the shelf and they bring it over, or do they do "just in time" delivery where they make it when you call or —

"No, they take it out of their big vat of black ink, and they know what viscosity and tack we like..."

Oh, so they custom — Are there viscosity and tack *ratings*? Sort of like the proof on liquor?

"Yeah, right. See, with tack, there are three different speeds of how they pull it up. You could have it at 800 or even 1,200 speed, so that would make it come out at 15, 14, or 13 and a —"

Whoa, hold on, you're getting way ahead of — What is "tack," anyway?

"You know, *tack*; it's how the ink holds to the sheet, to the paper. It's like, like, when a job comes off press and you put your hands on the sheet, and if your hand sticks, you know, it's sort of sticky..."

Oh, oh; I get it, "tack" as in "tacky." Oh, okay, okay... but how do you get these ratings? How do you decide what, uh, *tack* the ink should —

"Well, when you hook up with an ink company, they send a guy to run some tests on your presses. And then you look at the tests, and they figure out what's the best tack and viscosity for the ink to run right on your presses, so it looks good."

Is this the same with the other colors?

"Yeah, sure, basically, yeah. Hey, I hate to rush you, but I gotta get back on the floor soon, so..."

Okay, okay. I can't tell you how much I appreciate this, this is great, this — Lemme ask you just a couple more questions, just quick and I'll be done.... Okay, how's the cost of, say, black ink compared to that of the other colors? Is like cyan or yellow more expensive than black? How do they compare price-wise?

"Shit, I don't know — I guess black ink is less expensive, cause it's, cause it's — hell, cause it's *black*, I guess. I dunno; there's less of a cleaning process or something."

Okay, one last question: How many cans of ink, of black ink, do you have on hand right now?

"Shit, Bill, I'd have to go look, but I guess we keep about 10 cans of the four major colors on hand at all times. You know, back in the storage room."

All right, all right — Hey Donny, you've been a huge help, *huge*. I think I'm really startin' to get my mind wrapped around this ink thing —

"Hey, for you, no prob — Oh wait. Gimme that joke now, okay?"

Sure, Donny, sure, okay here's the — Just a sec —

Now, listen I'm going to tell this joke to Donny as two guys, but it could be two girls, it could be a guy and a girl, even a girl and a guy — so it could be *any* gender combination, just don't get hung about that, okay? I heard it from a guy who was a lifer in the Navy and he told it as two guys and that's the way I know it. And do listen carefully, because this might have some bearing on, well... on *us*.

All right. Donny? Okay, so there are these two guys... Well, it's really one guy, and he's standing outside, and he sees a new friend of his come up, a guy who just moved to town. And he goes up to talk to him. And it's kind of twilight, the sun's setting off in the distance, and it's kind of yellow, and the sky is that nice twilight blue, and he starts talking.

And the first guy says: "Hey, I've been looking for you... I'm having a party tomorrow night and I was wondering if you could come."

Then the second guy says, "Sure, I'm not doing anything tomorrow

night. I'd love to come. What time does the party start?"

The first guy says, "7:30."

The second guy says, "Sure I'll be there, count me in."

Then the first guy pauses, he looks around out at the sky and he says "Well, before you come, there are a few things I'd like to warn you about this party, just kinda 'truth in advertising,' you know?"

The second guy says "Sure, fine, what's the deal?"

The first guy says "Okay, for starters, I gotta tell ya that there's probably going to be a lot of drinking and drugs at this party and I want to make sure that that doesn't bother you."

Well, the second guy says, "Drinking and drugs? Well, hey, I'm from New York City, I've been around, and things like that don't bother me. So, thanks for the warning, but it's fine, no problem."

Well, then the first guy says, "Well, but that's not all. You know, with all of the drinking and drugs at this party, there's probably going to be a lot of *violence* and *fistfights* and I want to make sure this doesn't bother you."

So the second guy says, "Violence? And fistfights? Man, I told you I'm from New York City and I've been around, and I know how to handle myself, so, thanks for giving me the heads up, but, you know, violence and fistfights, hey that's just no big deal for me."

"All right," the first guy says, "but one last thing. There's probably also going to be a lot of wild, kinky sex at this party, and I want to make sure that doesn't bother you."

"Wild... kinky... sex?" the second guy says. "Well, hell no, that's no problem, not a problem at all. No big deal. I'm fine, I tell ya, I'm fine. So sure, thanks for warning me, but that's not a big deal. Actually," he laughs, "it sounds like a pretty good party!"

Now there's another pause, and both guys just stand there for a second, in silence.

And the first guy looks over at the setting sun and he takes out a cigarette and lights it.

The second guy looks at him, and then says, "Now for a party like this, uh, what's the dress code? I mean, what should I wear?"

And the first guy takes a long drag from his cigarette, and exhales; a long stream of smoke winds its way out of his mouth, out into that nice blue twilight sky, and he says, "Oh it doesn't really matter," as he sends the spent air of a deep drag out into the sky, "... it's just gonna be... you 'n' me."

... Oh yeah!

Donny! *Hah, hah, hah-hah-hah!* Just... "you 'n' me"! Ahah, ahah, ha-ha-ha-ha! "Just you 'n' me"! Isn't that a *great* joke? That second guy thought it was one thing, but he found out it was something else....

Ah-hah-hah-ha. Ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha... aha-ha, ha-ha... haw. Man, I knew you'd like it. Tell everyone at the shop, okay? I'll be over — probably tomorrow — to check on my job. See you then. And, Donny, thanks for all the info about ink.

All right. Go ahead, click him off.

Hey! Was that cool, or what? "Viscosity"? "Tack"? Hey, it's all *ink* — who knew, huh?

And that's really what binds us, me to this page, me to you, us together, isn't it? Ink! Literally, of course; you couldn't even read this if the ink weren't well organized, but also figuratively because, I dunno, because...

it's just ink!

Why, think of it: if somebody wasn't watching the tack of the ink right now... Hell, the letters would *fall off the page*, no?

So, the next time you start gettin' fancy with the theories there, just remember: "organized ink," that's all it is, that's all we are: organized ink. So, the next time you're at the printer, remember: "ink" — ask for it by name!

Well, it looks like things are clearing up out there; so I guess it's time for you to go. It's certainly safe enough to drive back home, now.

I've had a heck of a time here tonight, and I do hope you have, too. So, see you again soon... Thanks again for coming over... mom.

YOU HAVE READ MANY THINGS DURING YOUR READING CAREER. Many you've liked, many you haven't. The piece you've just read is surely one of them (if, of course, you haven't jumped to this spot to see your name credited without bothering to actually read the piece). In your long reading career, you've read many important and interesting things. You are now free to include this among them. Next year at this time you'll have read even more things than you've read today. Watch for them. And, soon, something you have read will have been made into a major motion picture or a TV show. That's usually the way the cycle goes.

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VENDETTA

A Type Specimen

A NEW SERIES of VENETIAN OLD STYLE PRINTING TYPES

DESIGNED BY JOHN DOWNER

HERE FIRST USED IN AN ADAPTATION OF:

OUR ARABY

PALM SPRINGS *and the* GARDEN of the SUN

J. SMEATON CHASE

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1920

LAYOUT *and* PHOTOGRAPHY by RUDY VANDERLANS



EMIGRE FONTS

MOUNT SAN JACINTO stands isolated and conspicuous, like another Shasta, at the southern end of the great Sierra which forms the backbone of California. To south and west the great mountain faces a land diversified with hill and valley, farm and cattle-range, stretching to the Mexican line and the Pacific: to north and east it looks steeply down upon a strange sun-blached land, the pale, mysterious desert. From its topmost crags, garnished with storm-wrenched pines, to the gray levels where palm-fronds quiver under *torrid* blasts of sun there is a fall of over two miles of altitude within an air-line distance but three miles greater; from which it may be gathered, (as is indeed the fact) that this desert face of San Jacinto offers to the view a mountain wall unparalleled for its conjunction of height and verticality—in effect, a vast precipice of ten thousand feet.



7

RAINFALL (Inches):

1907	4.80
1908	3.50
1909	5.50
1910	3.94
1911	4.83
1912	5.66
1913	3.88
1914	7.87
1915	5.71

PALM SPRINGS: its SITUATION and SURROUNDINGS

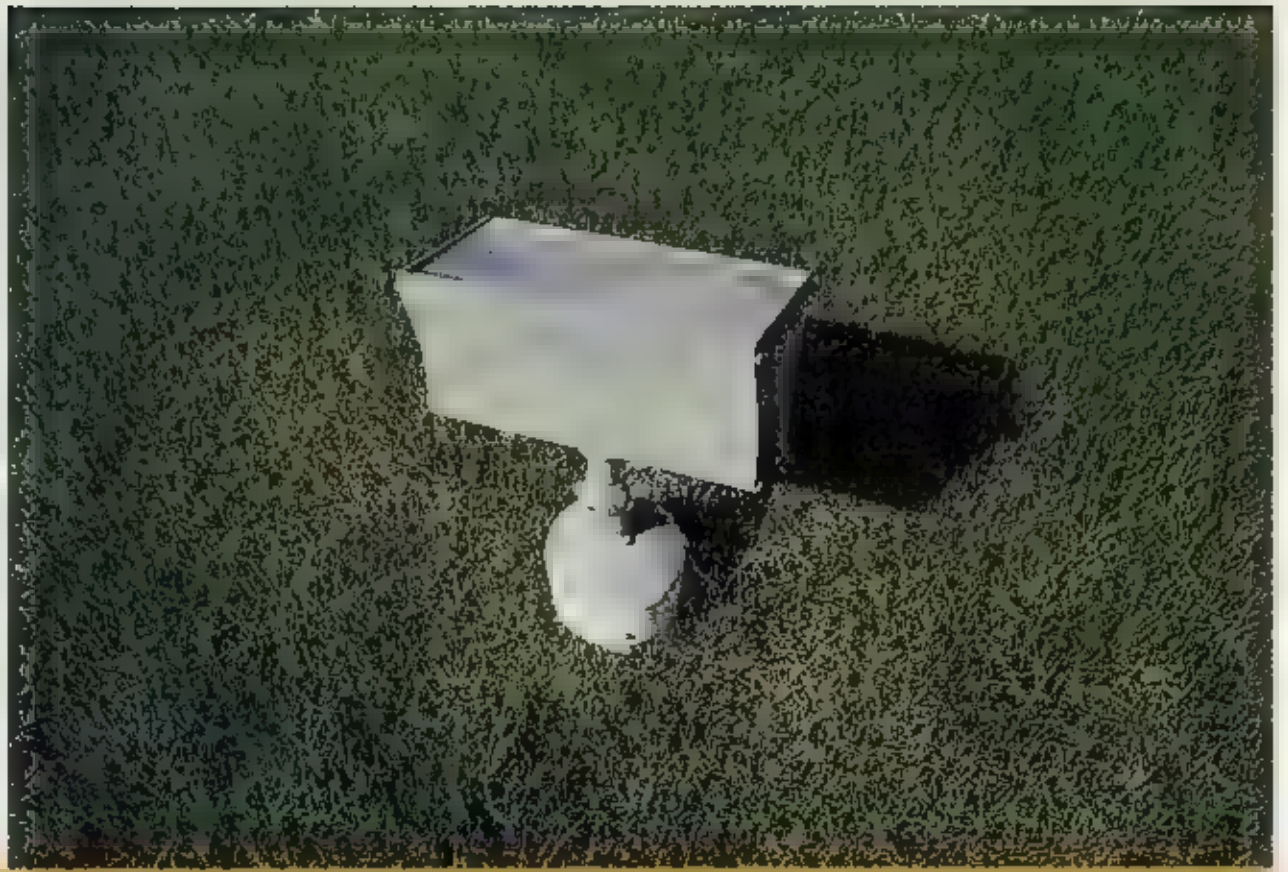
RIGHT AT THE MOUNTAIN'S EASTERN FOOT, where the red rock slabs rise sharply from the gray desert floor, lies the village of *Palm Springs*. Geographically it is a village *unique*. One might well call it the child of the mountain, for it lives in the mountain's protection and is nourished out of its vernal. Two streams of purest water here break from San Jacinto's rocky heart, and make possible this *Garden of the Sun*, an oasis of pleasant life where Nature had said no life should be except the hard, wild life of her desert children—the plants and animals and Indians of a land of drought.

THE VILLAGE LIES AT AN ELEVATION of 452 feet above sea-level, well toward the foot of the long gradient which runs, smooth as a waterline for league on league, from the summit of San Gorgonio Pass—the gateway and dividing point between California Green and California Gray—down to the great depression where dreams the Salton, that pale, weird Lake-below-the-sea which came into being (whether for the tenth or hundreth time, who knows?) some fifteen years or so ago when the Colorado River took a fancy to stretch his watery limbs wider in the sun. Bounding this gradient on the north and east runs the level wall of the eastward extension of San Jacinto's twin mountain, San Bernardino, beyond which wall there is a twin desert, the Mojave. The low narrow scoop, six to ten miles wide,

GOVERNMENT ANALYSIS OF THE WATER OF THE SPRING
Vendetta Bold, Vendetta Medium, Vendetta Medium Fractions, Vendetta Medium Small Caps,
and Vendetta Medium Fractions Tabular Figures, 8/16 and 10/16 point

Metaboric Acid (BO ₂)	TRACE
Silica (SiO ₂)	44.8
Sulphuric Acid (H ₂ SO ₄)	37.3
Carbonic Acid (H ₂ CO ₃)	33.0
Bicarbonic Acid (HCO ₃)	36.6
Nitric Acid (HNO ₃)	0.1
Chlorin (Cl)	25.0
Iron (Fe)	1.9
Calcium (Ca)	2.5
Magnesium (Mg)	0.7
Sodium (Na)	76.6
	249.4





PALM SPRINGS *its SITUATION and SURROUNDINGS*

which lies between mountain and mountain, forming a westerly arm of the Colorado Desert, was marked on old maps as the Cahuilla (Ka-we-ah) Valley, but is now known as the Coachella—a meaningless substitution—and has of late years become famous as a sort of *Little Arabia*, the source of the earliest of figs, grapes, melons, and asparagus, and especially of those latest and best of horticultural novelties, American-grown dates—whoever has not tried them should lose no time. In its snug elbow at the head of this valley lies our little oasis. I named it *unique*, and make no apologies for the word.

on the west by the mountain what kind of landscape is it that spreads north, east, and south from Palm Springs? Strangely it is one that fascinates by reason of its apparent lack of interest. Looked at in the large one might even call it dreary this gray level treeless and waterless dotted over with small shrubs and herbage so monotonously alike as to seem machine-made a wholesale kind of land all of a piece for leagues at a stretch. Yet this is the land which if not at first view yet on very short acquaintance, lays hold of you with a charm so deep and strong that it has passed into a catchphrase—the *lure of the desert*. Explain it how you may (or give it up for unexplainable as most people do), there it undoubtedly is, and none but the most unresponsive of mankind can escape or deny it. Unless you are one of those it will surely “get you” given the chance, and you will find yourself, without knowing how or why a *Companion of the Most Ancient Order of Lovers of the Desert*, an Order which far outranks Masonry in age and might claim Ishmael or Esau, possibly even Nimrod for its founder.

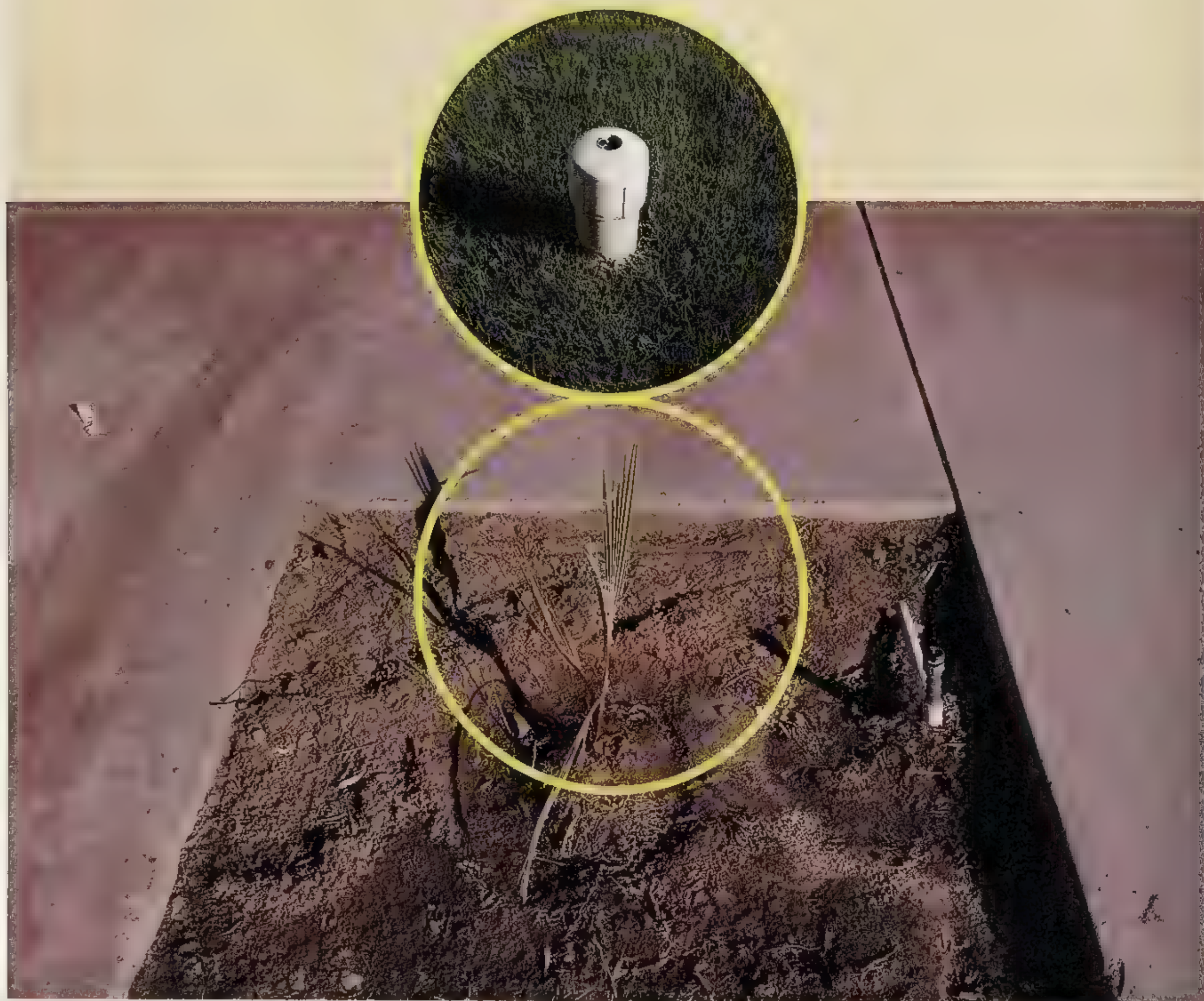


PALM SPRINGS: its SITUATION and SURROUNDINGS

Vendetta Medium Small Caps, Vendetta Medium and Vendetta Medium Italic 18 point and Vendetta Medium Italic 12 point

TURNING TO THE SOUTH the view takes in a sort of bay or back water—barring the water—of mountain-enclosed desert which may be considered as Palm Springs' private back-yard. Into it open the four cañons which are Palm Springs' pride, viz: *Tahquitz, Andreas, Murray, and Palm*, the last three being the scenic cream of *Our Araby*, and notable especially for their remarkable display of the native California palm 🌴

It is this tract which it is now proposed to set aside as a National Park, and a striking addition it will be to the splendid list of American Wonderlands. This bay or pocket enclosed on three sides by mountains forms as it were a neat little compendium or miniature of the greater desert, while Santa Rosas fine bulk overlooking it in the background gives it even an extra touch of pictorial completeness. And when in winter and spring, the snowy Maltese cross shines on the mountain's forehead, we of Palm Springs may be excused for indulging the fancy that our particular bit of desert is distinguished and in a way hallowed by the sacred emblem.



PALM SPRINGS: its SITUATION and SURROUNDINGS

Vendetta Light Petite Caps, Vendetta Light, and Vendetta Light Italic, 24/24 point

SO WHOLLY DISTINCTIVE is the locality I speak of that an effort is needed to realize that so slight a distance separates it from the familiar landscapes of the coast regions. As a matter of fact, the difference between the desert and coast regions takes effect almost instantaneously, so to

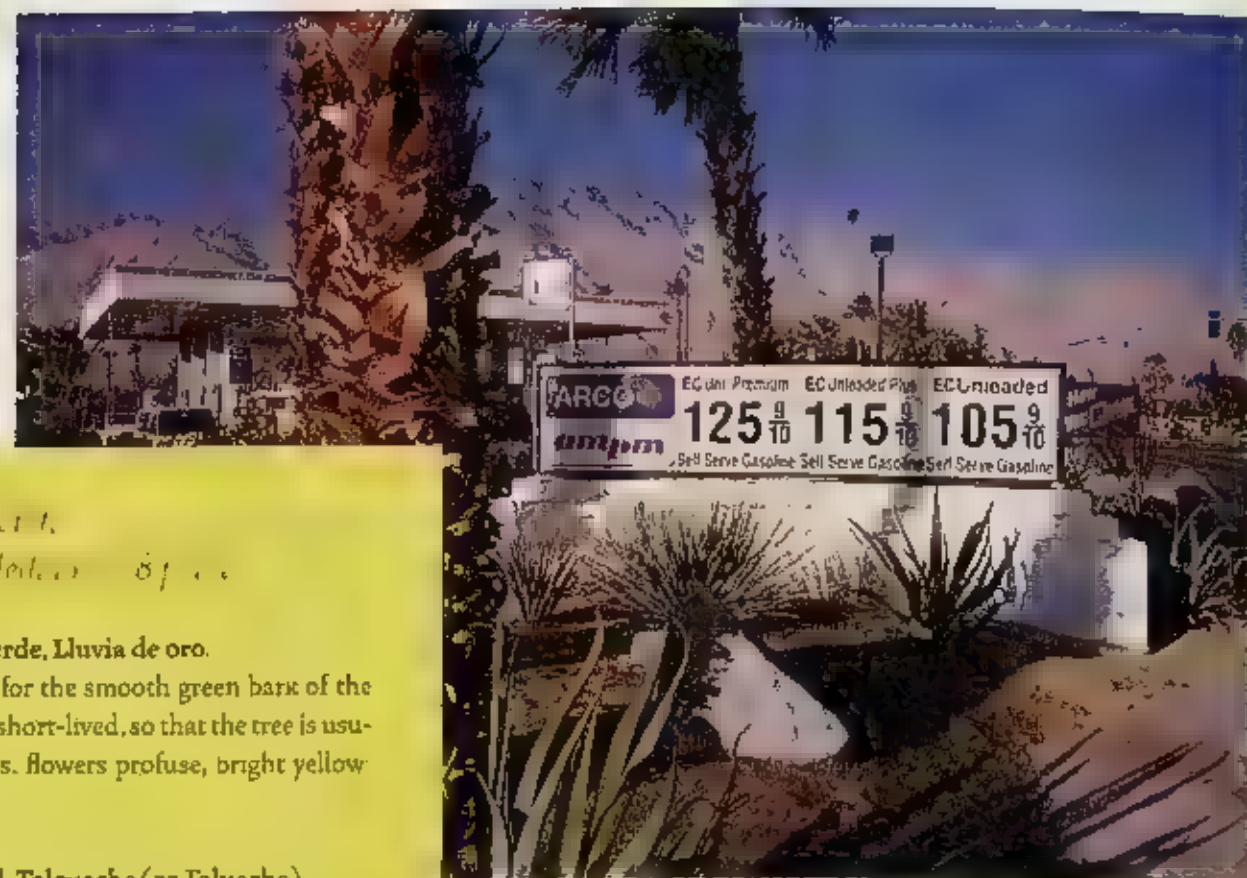


PALM SPRINGS: its SITUATION and SURROUNDINGS

But I was going to describe a few main features of Palm Springs' outlook. One's attention is at once attracted to two great hills of sand which rise in smooth, dome-like contour a few miles straight ahead, that is, to the east. The larger is, I should guess, five hundred feet or so high, the smaller much less, and both probably represent outlying rocky foothills which, forming obstructions in the path of the wind that blows down the Pass, have in course of ages become submerged under the slow, all-obliterating tide of wind-driven sand. There is something queerly fascinating about

these dunes. It may be partly the tricks of light and shade, the chameleon-like play of color which they exhibit; but there is some subtler quality, too. Perhaps there is aroused by the sight of that heap of sand atoms a geological instinct akin to the sense of infinitude which is raised by the inconceivable figures of astronomy; or perhaps one's sense of curiosity is touched, and subconsciously one wonders what may be hidden under that blanket of sand that defies the eye with its suave, unrevealing outline. However it be, there is something about the great dunes that stamps them strongly on the mind.

speak, at the summit of the San Gorgonio Pass. Thus it occurs that from Palm Springs, well out on the desert, to Riverside and Redlands, the center of California's finest cultivation, is but a matter of fifty-five miles, while Pasadena and Los Angeles are but fifty miles farther away, with the Pacific only a trifle more. This operates not only to make the journey from one to the other perfectly easy but also to render the change spectacular and interesting in a high degree. To breakfast late at the beach, or "in town," to lunch leisurely at the Mission Inn at Riverside (which is strictly the *comme il faut* thing to do) and lounge for an hour afterwards among the famed groves and avenues of the citrus belt, and then by mid-afternoon to be arriving at our little oasis in time for a cup of tea and a desert sunset—this ought to be easy enough and spectacular enough for even the sophisticated tourist of the nineteen-twenties.



Vendetta Medium Small Caps, Vendetta Medium, and Vendetta Medium Italic, 8/8 point

***Cercidium torreyanum.* Palo Verde, Lluvia de oro.**

A tree up to 30 feet high, noticeable for the smooth green bark of the entire tree. Foliage small, scanty, and short-lived, so that the tree is usually bare; the twigs bear short thorns. Flowers profuse, bright yellow; fruit a pod. Blooms in mid-spring.

***Datura meteloides.* Jimson weed, Tolguache (or Toluache).**

A rank-growing plant 2 or 3 feet high, common on both coast and desert, with large, coarse, dark-green leaves and very large, white or pale lilac, trumpet-shaped flowers that open in the evening. Blooms from spring to autumn.

***Fouquieria splendens.* Candle wood, Ocotillo.**

A unique plant composed of a number of long gray thorny canes diverging at ground—usually 6 or 8 feet high but sometimes double as much or over. Leaves small, dark-green, and short-lived. Flowers scarlet, tubular, in a long spike at ends of canes. Blooms in early spring, or at any time when sufficient rain has fallen.

***Larrea glandulosa.* Creosote bush, Greasewood, Hediondia.**

The commonest and most widely distributed shrub of the desert, growing up to 12 feet high, in strong, somewhat brittle stems diverging from the ground. The branches and twigs are regularly marked with rings. Leaves small, glossy, bright dark green, sticky, with strong tarry odor. Flowers profuse, bright yellow, maturing to small, round, woolly seed vessels. Blooms from mid-spring to mid-summer.

***Nicotiana glauca.* Coyote tobacco.**

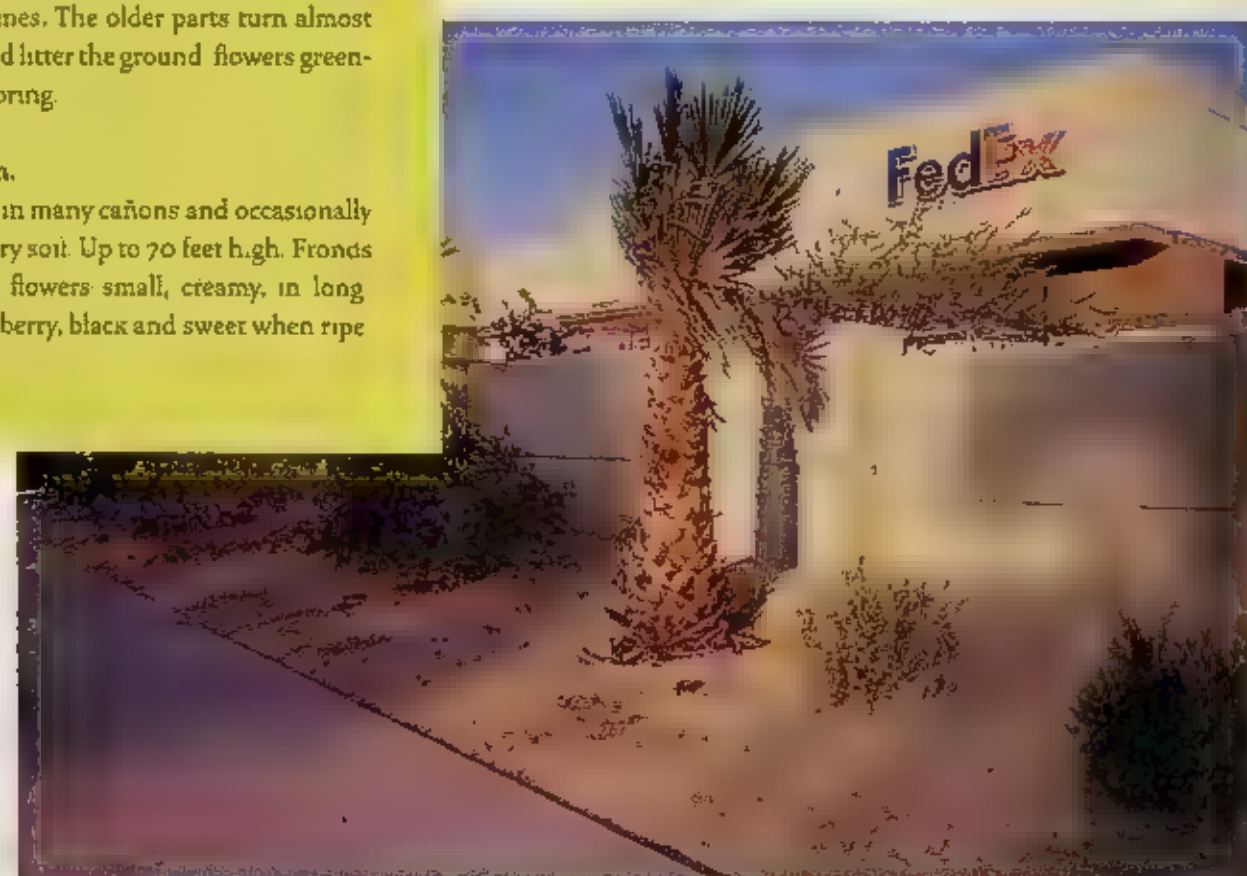
A many-stemmed plant, 1 to 2 feet high, with dark-green leaves and white, narrow-tubular flowers. Blooms mid-summer to autumn.

***Opuntia bigelovii.* Cholla.**

A plant up to 6 feet tall, branching in stumpy arms, the whole plant densely clad with greenish-white spines. The older parts turn almost black. The joints detach very easily and litter the ground. Flowers greenish-white. Blooms in mid- and late spring.

***Washingtonia filifera.* Fan palm.**

The native palm of the desert, found in many cañons and occasionally in the open desert, though never in dry soil. Up to 70 feet high. Fronds light-green, with stringy filaments; flowers small, creamy, in long drooping clusters; fruit a small hard berry, black and sweet when ripe. Blooms in early summer.



THE VILLAGE

Vendetta Medium Small Caps, Vendetta Medium, and Vendetta Medium Italic, 8/8 point

FOR SO SMALL A PLACE, the number of people who have fallen under the charm of Palm Springs, and their variety of class and kind, are rather surprising. You would agree as to the latter point. If I were to begin to mention names. Wealth and fashion, as such, are not much attracted to our village. Palm Beach, not Palm Springs, is their mark; but among the fraternity of brains the word has passed about, and persons of mark are ever finding their way here, returning again and again, and bringing or sending others. But then, the importance of persons of mark in any community is apt to be overestimated; the important thing is the general quality, the

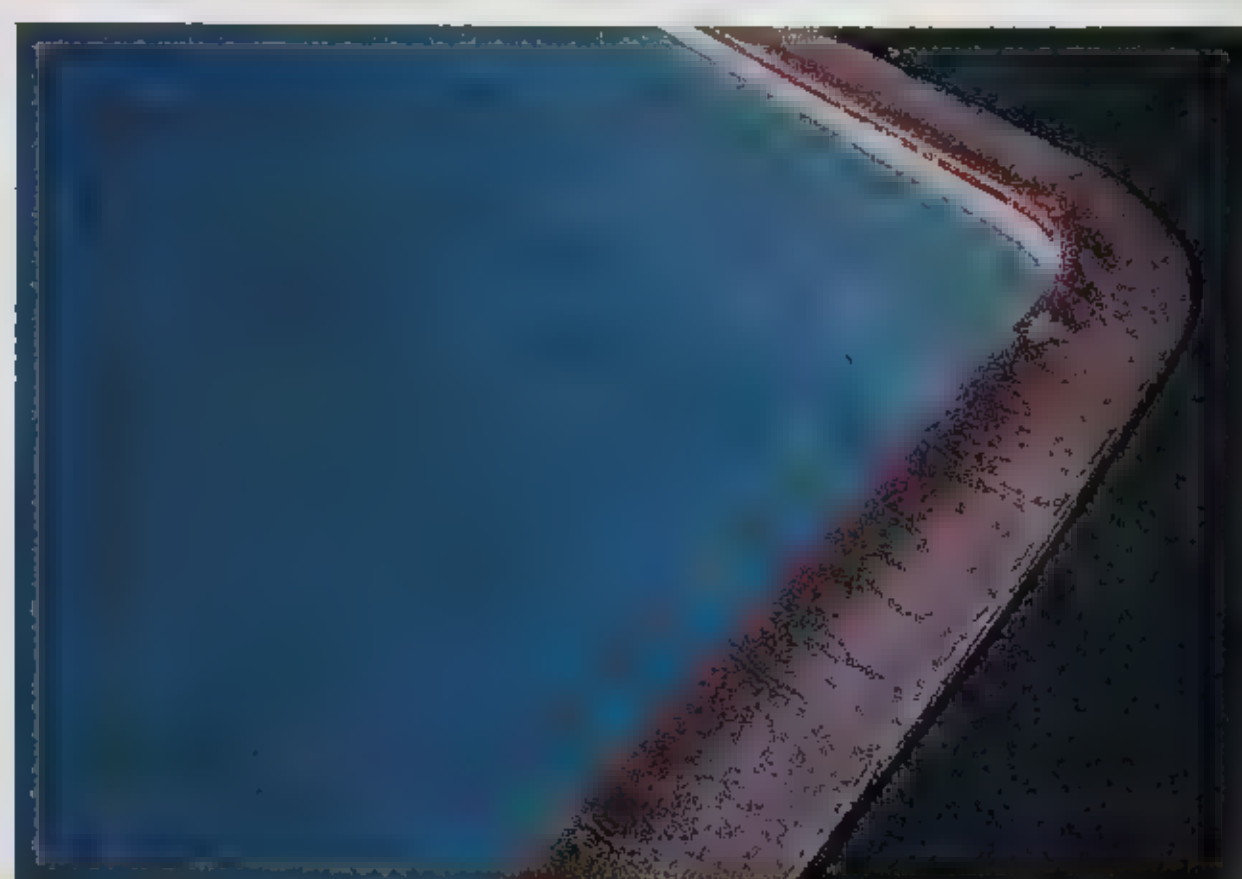
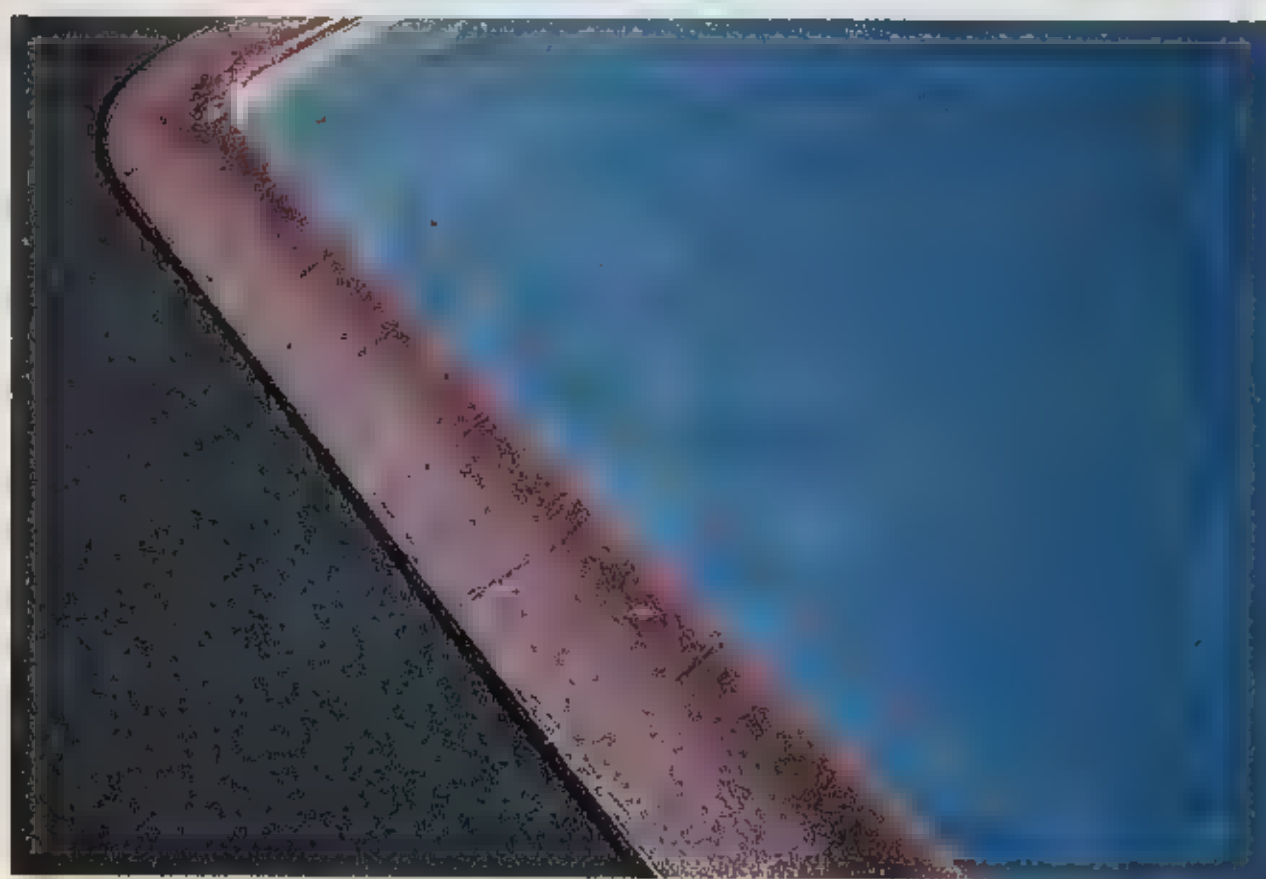
average. The average with us is automatically raised by the total absence of any no-ho-gan element, such as is sometimes in evidence on the sands of the sea shore. To that class the sands of *Our Araby* do not appeal. On the other hand, the silent sty writers, painters, musicians,—in fact, all kinds of people who love quiet, thoughtful things, and whose work or enjoyment lies in natural instead of artificial fields, come and share with us the wholesome pleasures and interests that are inherent in a clean, new, unspoiled bit of this wonderful old world.

THE VILLAGE

Vendetta Medium Petite Caps, Vendetta Medium, and Vendetta Medium Italic, 24/24 point

VILLAGE IS A PRETTY WORD, though ambitious settlements are keen to disclaim the implied rusticity and to graduate into the rank of town or city. Palm Springs has no such aims, and is well content to remain far down the list in census returns. We decline to take part in the race for *Improvements*, and are (so we feel, anyway) wise enough to know when we are well off. *Rural Free Delivery* does not entice us: we much prefer the daily gathering at the general store at mail-time, Indians and whites together, where we can count on catching Miguel or Romualda if we wish to hire a pony or get the washing done. 13

Electric lights? No, thanks: somehow nothing seems to us so home-like for the dinner-table as shaded candles, or for fireside reading a good kerosene lamp: while if we want to call on a neighbor after dark, we find that a lantern sheds light where you need it instead of illuminating mainly the upper air. To us cement sidewalks would be a calamity: we may be dusty, but dust is natural and we prefer it. After all, the pepper- or cottonwood-shaded streets of our *Garden of the Sun* are really only country lanes, and who wants a country lane cemented? In fact, a little mistake was made when they were named. *Cottonwood Row* would have been better than *Indian Avenue*, and *Hot Springs Lane* than the commonplace *Spring Street*.

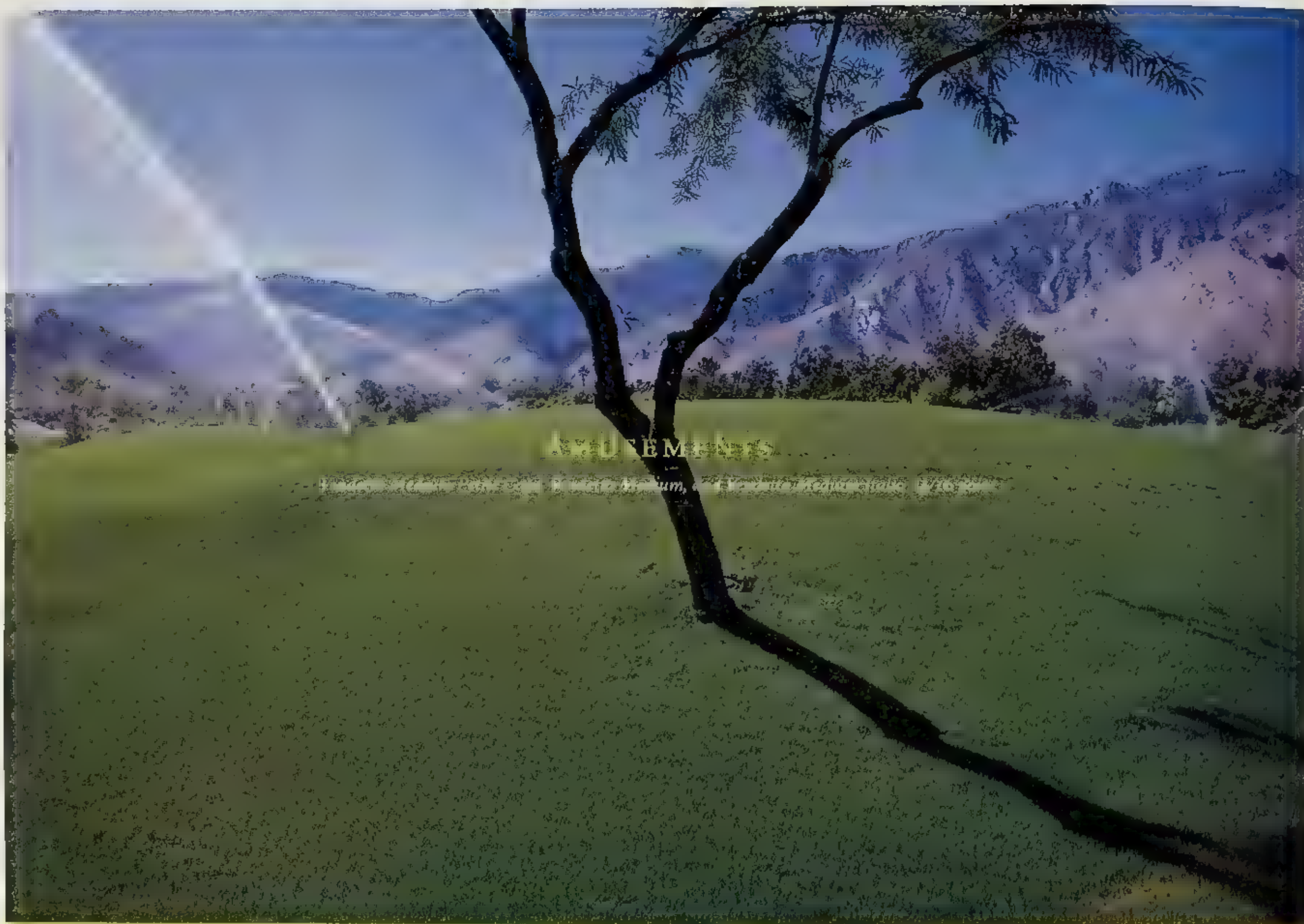


THE VILLAGE & Vendetta Light Italic, and Vendetta Light, 20/20 point

So much for the people. The village itself is a place of two or three score of unpretentious cottages scattered along half a dozen palm- and pepper-shaded streets. We don't run much to lawns and formal gardens: we live in the desert because we like it, hence we don't care to shut ourselves away in little citified enclosures. But the two or three old places which formed the nucleus of the settlement are bowers of bloom and umbra-



geous greenery. Gray old fig trees lean out over the sidewalk, while oranges, dates, grapefruit, lemons, and trees of other sorts for fruit or ornament flourish in tribute to the memory of that wise old Scotsman and pioneer, Doctor *Welwood Murray*, who had the courage to plant and the patience to rear them in the teeth of horticultural disabilities.



A QUESTION THAT ARISES in many persons' minds when one speaks of the desert as a place of any attractiveness is — But what can there be to do there? It is a natural question, too, for to most people the desert signifies only a region of dreariness and horror, a mere waste spot marring the earth's wholesome fertility and beauty. That, however is a total mistake, one of those coventional delusions that are based only on generations of popular misconception. Only one or two hundred years ago the forests and mountains in which we now delight were thought places of dread and ugliness. People simply hadn't caught the idea; and today, as regards the desert, a few people are just beginning to catch it. Essentially, the desert is *Nature* in her simplest expression. Has it come to this—that *Nature* must be spiced up with amusements before we can take pleasure in her? Surely space, quietude, and freedom are fine things: solitude can be magnificent: loneliness need not scare us as if we were lost kittens.



AMUSEMENTS

Vendetta Medium Small Caps, Vendetta Medium, and Vendetta Medium Italic, 18/20 point

THE PERSON MUST BE VERY INSENSIBLE to natural interests whose curiosity is not aroused by the markedly distinctive vegetable life which the desert offers to the view. From the moment that your train or auto begins to run down-grade on leaving Banning the fact is plain that you are, botanically speaking, in a new world. Gray, the livery of the desert, largely takes the place of green; stunted forms and bizarre shapes notify you that wholly different conditions here reign. Though you may have no leanings toward botany as a science or a hobby you will hardly fail to be interested by the novel objects that surround you, and are likely to find yourself botanizing mildly before you know it, if only to the extent of learning the name of the cactus that scratched you, or whether it was a mesquit or a catclaw that tore your clothes. The cacti alone are "worth the money": the *biznaga*, for instance, on close acquaintance is a most engaging fellow, and no one should go through life without interviewing a *cholla*. A tree that is as green as grass, yet has no leaves, is worth one's notice: so is one that is total gray and pricklier than an armful of hedgehogs, and another that bears for fruit a neat imitation of a handful of screws.

17

AMUSEMENTS

Vendetta Medium Small Caps, Vendetta Medium, and Vendetta Medium Italic, 7/7 point

especially if the rains have come just right that our *Garden of the Sun* shows what it is capable of botanically. In January one or two early-waking plants such as crimson *beperone* and yellow bladder-pod, modestly start the show. February brings the wild heliotrope and the first hint of the glory of the verbenas with clouds of wild plum in the cañons. March is a steady *crescendo* of color, and by mid-April the riot is on and Flora is emptying her lap over the desert in cascades of multi-hued bloom. On the levees, pools of rosy-purple verbenas spread out and run together into lakes; the mountain slopes built of slabs of uncompromising rock, by some magic contrive to send out myriads of golden blossoms of the incense-bush, the cañons turn into mazes and tangles of

flowering rarities that go to the head of the most experienced botanist. Now is the time to notice how admirable even a cactus can be when Spring gets into its blood, you will hardly match those silky cups of purple or cerise in greenhouses of millionaires. The ocotillo, too—where will you find anything floral that is finer in its way than that flaming scarlet tongue? It is the desert's own fierce flower, not on any account to be missed, and well worth the ride down to Deep Canyon, even if the ride showed you nothing else worth your notice which would be strange indeed.

AMUSEMENTS

Vendetta Light Small Caps, Vendetta Light, and Vendetta Light Italic, 9/9 point

THERE IS PLENTY OF INTERESTING MATTER HERE, TOO, for those to whom animal life appeals. For bird study, especially, this locality offers exceptional facilities, for the San Geronimo Pass is the great migration highway for a large region, and the Palm Springs oasis, lying at the foot of the pass, forms a natural stopping-place for the small travelers. It is for this reason a favorite station for bird-men, as it is for naturalists in general. Beetle-men and butterfly-men, mouse- and gopher-men, and devotees of all sorts of zoological ramifications with alarming names spend rapturous days in *Olive Araby*, collecting, studying, and classifying, with ever in view the thrilling chance of coming upon something new—a Kangaroo-rat with tail measurement three millimeters greater than any yet recorded in the halls of science, or some phenomenal development of the maxillary arch in a short-nosed pocket-mouse. Such triumphs have in the past shed lustre upon zoologically minded visitors to Palm Springs, which already has a gopher and a ground-squirrel "named for it"—why not again?

AMUSEMENTS

Vendetta Light Petite Caps, Vendetta Light, and Vendetta Light Italic, 32/32 point

THE SKY OF THE DESERT is well worth studying at other times than the sunset hour—for instance, at the moment when the sun comes striding up in the inexpressible magnificence of power. Over this *Garden of the Sun* he rises morning after morning in such splendor as you will never see but in the desert, for here no mists or earthly exhalations dim the flashing glory of his first horizontal beams. It is then that one grasps the true meaning of that everyday word, the sun, and realizes him at last for what he is—a *flame*, inconceivably vast, ineffably pure, unutterably terrible.



AVERAGE MONTHLY TEMPERATURES AT PALM SPRINGS STATION,
YEARS 1907 TO 1915 INCLUSIVE

	JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUN	JUL	AUG	SEP	OCT	NOV	DEC
HIGHEST	77	80	90	96	104	112	113	112	107	98	87	76
LOWEST	31	37	45	52	66	64	73	73	67	55	42	33
MEAN	53	55	63	69	73	84	90	90	84	73	62	52

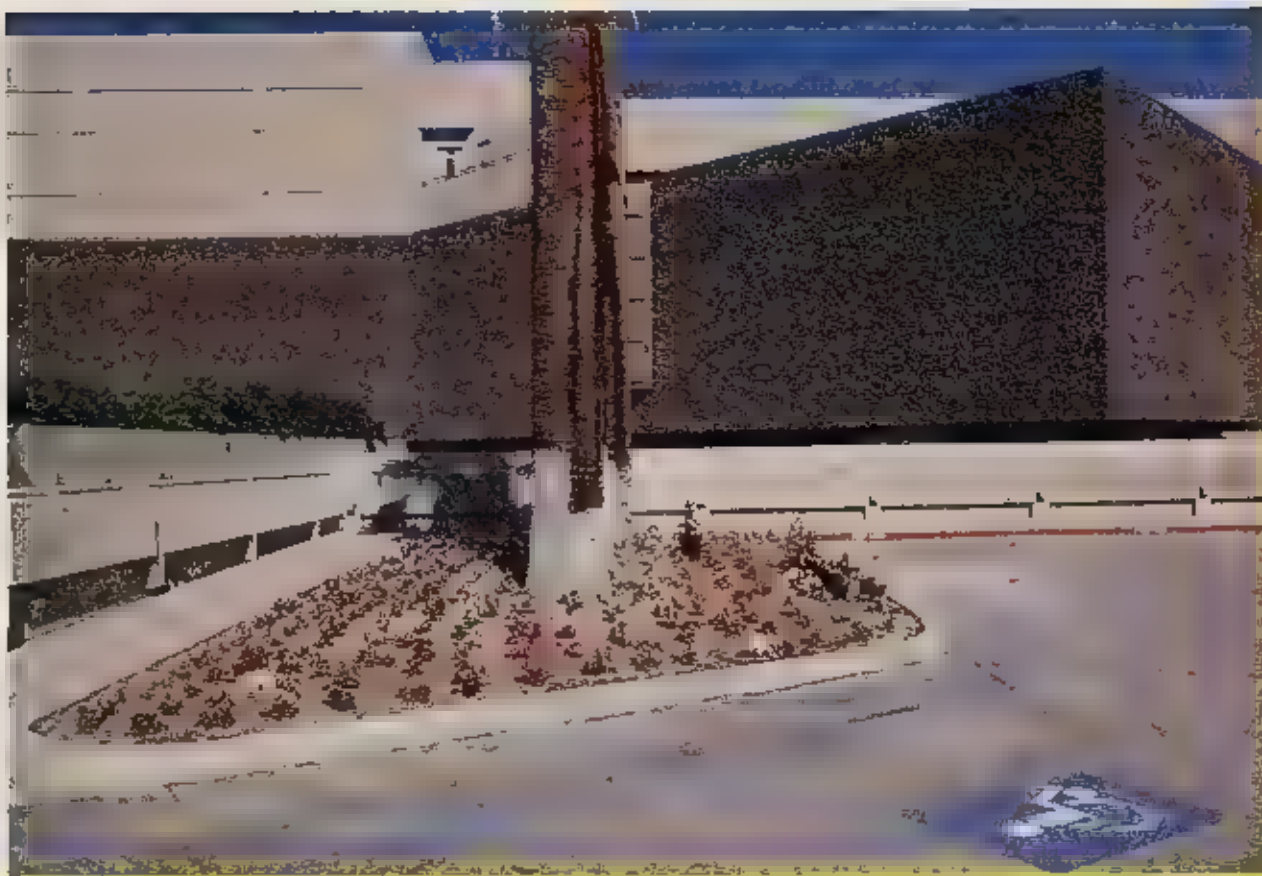
AMUSEMENTS

The M... ..

FOR THOSE WHO DELIGHT in cloud-form and sky-scenery, no area of sky that I know approaches in interest that which stretches from the southern extension of San Jacinto Mountain eastward to Santa Rosa Peak. In the rainy season this tract of air forms the very frontier of the opposing meteorological forces, where day after day one may watch the battle between Rain and Drought fought in fashion more spectacular than one sees it elsewhere. Some particular interplay of air-currents, combined with and per-

haps arising from the configuration of the land below, give rise to a remarkable diversity of cloud conditions. Above Santa Rosa there will hang for days a vast banner of vapor like the plume that curls from the lip of a volcano, while in the upper air beyond and above it, cirrus, stratus, and cumulus merge and evolve in ceaseless manoeuvres. I know of no other such "cloud-compelling peak" as this, on which another admirer and I have ventured to confer the title or degree of *Santa Rosa de las Nubes* (Santa Rosa of the Clouds).





AMUSEMENTS

THE VILLAGE OF THE CAPTAINS, THE VILLAGE OF THE CAPTAINS, THE VILLAGE OF THE CAPTAINS

AMUSEMENTS. It may seem odd to speak of sleep under the head of Amusements, but such sleep as one gets on the desert fairly ranks as enjoyment, so it is much the same. Few people know what night at its best can be. The desert is the place to learn it. Calmness, quietude, restfulness, as a rule very relative terms, here approach the absolute. We speak of *bulmy sleep*, and sometimes think we get it in a bed under a ceiling, but that is a mistake.

AMUSEMENTS

Vendetta Light Italic, and Vendetta Light, 36/36 point

Speaking for myself, the finest sleep I ever enjoyed was when for a month or so I spread my blankets on the bank of the *Tahquitz* ditch. With two or three inches of dry brush for mattress, the air cool, still, and sweet with fifty herby essences, the moon and stars stealing by on tiptoe so as not to wake me, and *Tahquitz* telling strange old bits of earth-lore under its breath within a foot or so of my ear—that was sleep as sleep was meant to be. And then to wake up to a desert sunrise! You positively should try it 🍷

A LARGE ELEMENT in the attraction of *Our Araby* lies in the novelty of its animal and vegetable life. The former is a matter principally for naturalists, who find interest in noting the variations from type as regards habits, color, size, *etc.*, wrought by special conditions among the mammals, birds and reptiles of the desert. Yet one need not be a scientist in order to appreciate the humors of, for instance, the jolly little hairy-tailed desert mice who have chummed up with me by many a camp-fire, where they equally amused and amazed me by taking headers into the hot ashes at every opportunity, as though the thought of being baked alive was irresistible. This, too, is the place to enjoy the antics of that fine joker and gymnast, the *roadrunner*, of whom strange tales are told, yet none too strange to seem credible to his admirers.

A brief enumeration of the birds, mammals, and reptiles is given below, regarding which it should be borne in mind that not only the immediate neighborhood of Palm Springs but also the cañons and higher ground within a radius of some miles is included in the territory covered.

BIRDS

Bluebird, Western
 Bush-tit
 Buzzard (Turkey vulture)
 Chat, Long-tailed
 Coot (Mud-hen)
 Dove, Mourning
 Duck, two or three species
 Eagle, Golden
 Falcon, Prairie
 Flycatcher, two or three species
 Gnatcatcher, two species
 Goldfinch, two or three species
 Grosbeak, Black-headed and Blue
 Hawk, several species
 Heron, Night
 Hummingbird, several species
 Jay, Piñon and California
 Lark, Horned
 Lark, Meadow
 Linnet (House finch)
 Mockingbird
 Nighthawk, Texas
 Oriole, two or three species
 Ouzel (Dipper)
 Owl, two or three species
 Pewee, Western Wood
 Phainopepla
 Phoebe, Say and Black
 Plover, Killdeer
 Poor-will, Dusky
 Quail, three species
 Raven, Western
 Roadrunner
 Robin, Western
 Shrike (Butcher-bird)
 Snipe, Wilson
 Sparrow, many species
 Swallow, two or three species
 Swift, White-throated
 Thrasher, Leconte
 Towhee, two or three species
 Verdin
 Vireo, two or three species
 Warbler, several species
 Woodpecker, Cactus and Red-shafted (Flicker)
 Wren, two or three species
 Yellowthroat, Western

NOTE: The California Condor, one of the greatest of flying birds, has within only the last years vanished from this region.

MAMMALS

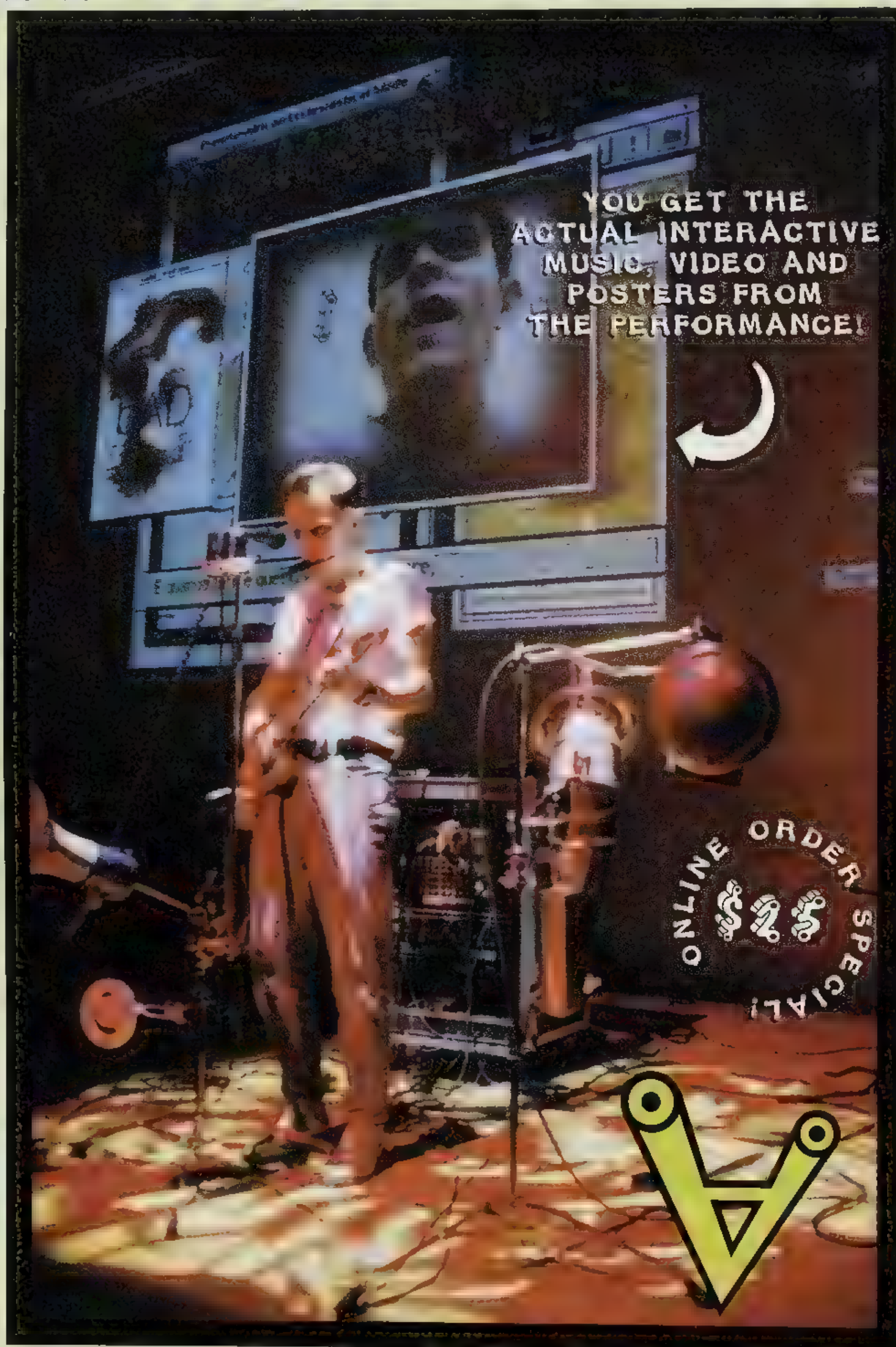
Bar, two or three species
 Chipmunk, Antelope
 Cottontail rabbit
 Cougar (Panther, Puma, Mountain-lion)
 Coyote
 Deer, Mule
 Fox, Kit and Gray
 Gopher, two species
 Ground-squirrel, two species
 Jackrabbit
 Kangaroo-rat, two or three species
 Mouse, various species
 Pocket-mouse, two or three species
 Sheep (Bighorn)
 Skunk, two species
 Wildcat (Lynx)
 Wood-rat, White-footed and Brown-footed

REPTILES

Lizards:
 various, including the Chuckwalla and Horned Toad
 Snakes:
 Garter
 Gopher
 Rattlesnake
 Red-racer
 Sidewinder
 Tortoise

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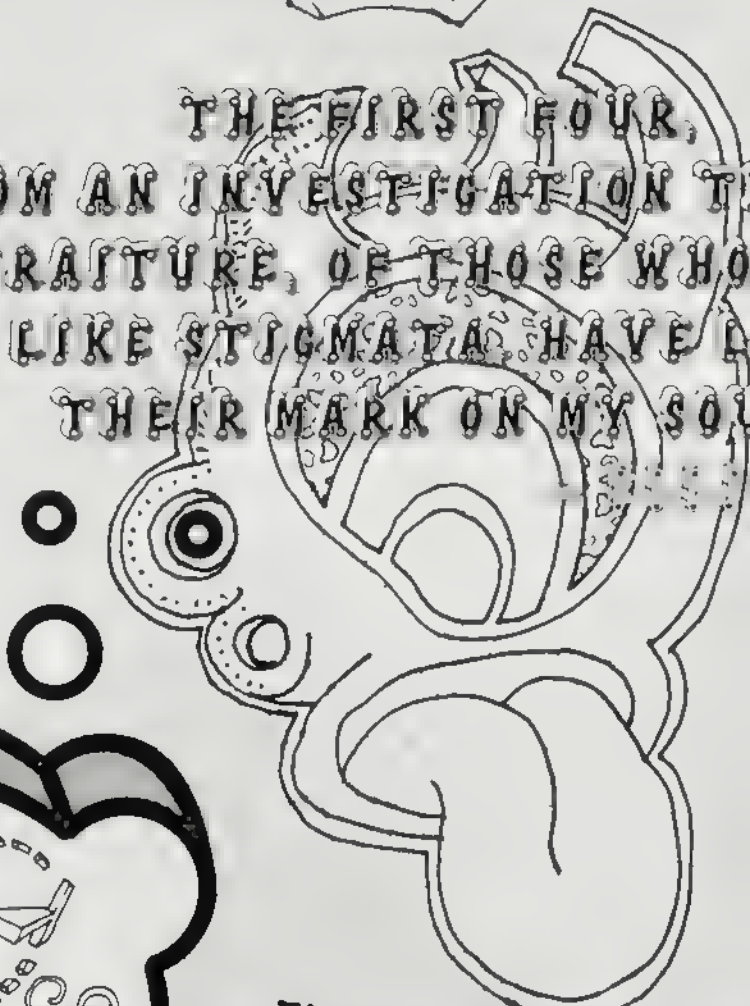
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THE FIRST FOUR,
FROM AN INVESTIGATION THROUGH
PORTRAITURE, OF THOSE WHOSE IDEAS
LIKE STIGMATA HAVE LEFT
THEIR MARK ON MY SOUL.



THESE

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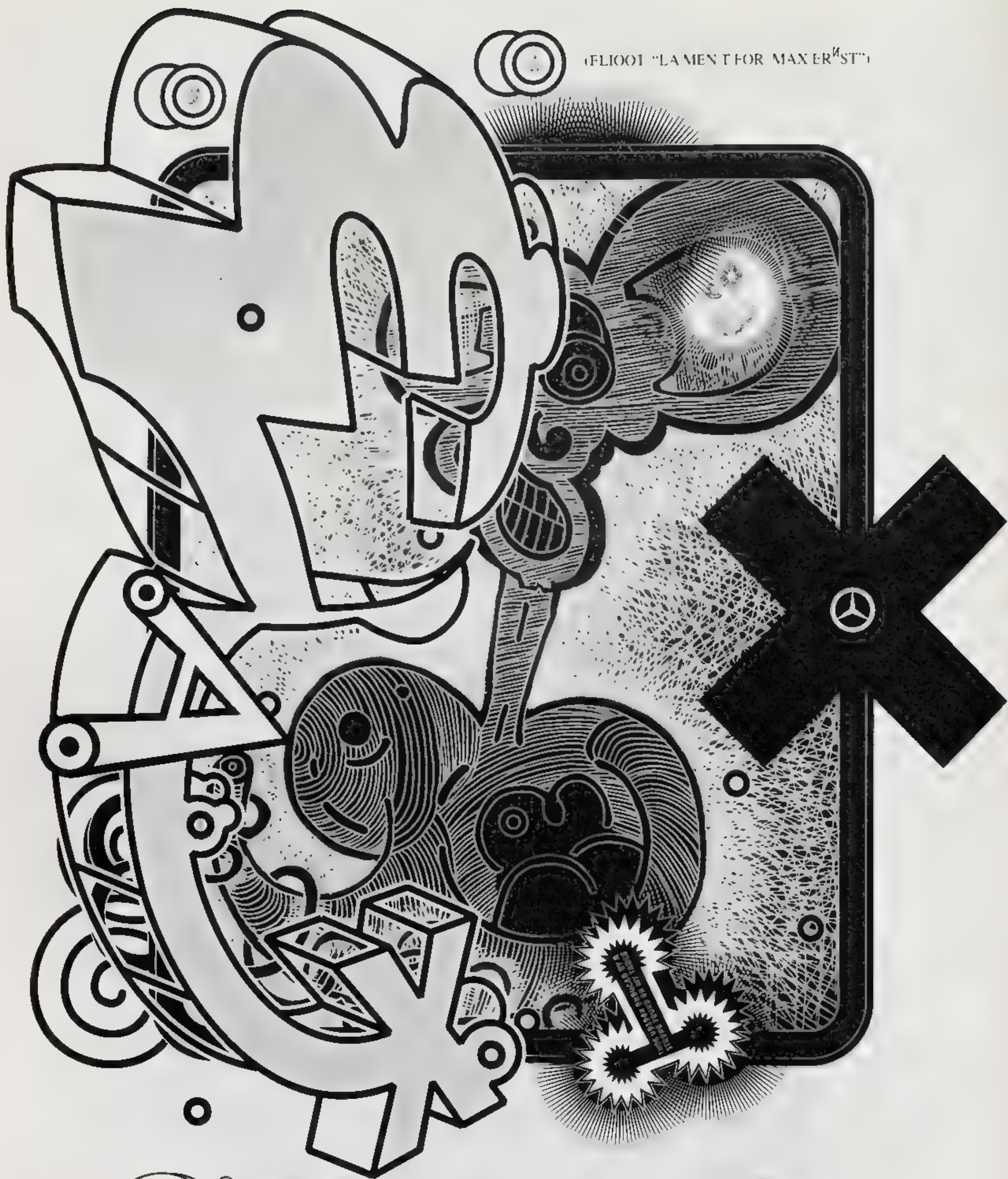
THE PRIEST RECEIVES HIS AUTHORITY FROM THE CHURCH.
the brujo is a threat to the organized church



JOAN OF ARC
COMMUNED DIRECTLY
WITH THE ANGELS
OF GOD.



THE BRUJO STANDS OUTSIDE. THE BRUJO'S AUTHORITY COMES FROM GOD.
the struggle between Brujo and priesthood may become a death struggle.

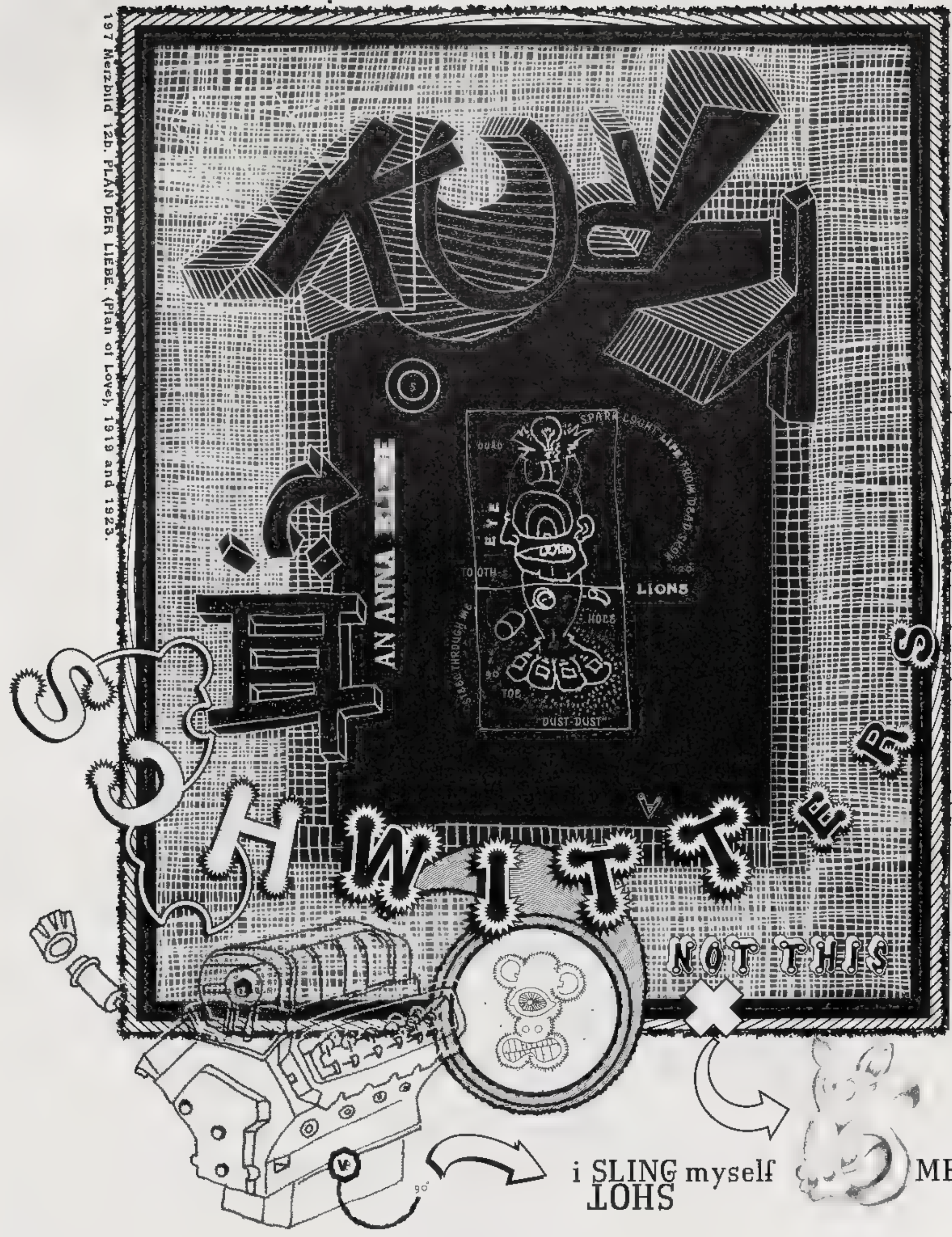


(FLIOOI "LA MENT FOR MAX ER^UST")

TORE MY CORNEA
...
AT YER BASTARD BREAST

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197 Merzbild 12b. PLAN DER LIEBE. (Plan of Love), 1919 and 1923.



i SLING myself
LOHS

MERZ

The Readers Respond

Emigre no. 50!

Spring, 1999

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Dear Emigre: Issue #49 of *Emigre* had to be one of the most powerful. The harrowing content left me pretty much breathless, pushing things way beyond the theoretical onto the platform of responsibility for the society we live in. Big stuff. Which is why it is strange that you claim in the same issue that there is no big issue in graphic design today. You've stumbled on it! A huge issue that has been all but ignored. The spread of advertising into the very fabric of our lives and the complicit role designers have in this.

This is a tough pill to swallow. Every designer I know would deny that they are in any way responsible for the consequences of the ads they produce, but they absolutely are. If I pay a henchman to hang someone, that henchman is complicit in the hanging, despite pleas of "I was only doing it for the money" or "I was only following orders" (where have I heard that before?)

It gets pretty ugly. Most of us have been happy with the greater acceptance of experimental design today. But as Thomas Frank so excruciatingly pointed out, being experimental merely opens new avenues to an advertising-hardened public, breaking straight into their hearts/pocketbooks. The advertising industry has only realized that looking "cool" works, especially with the teen-20's audience that advertisers salivate after (young enough to still have bendable minds).

The Kalle Lasn article broke it down to what most of our beautifully designed graphics really mean, participation in the "biggest social experiment in brainwashing [that] is underway by Corporate America." That's corporate America, guys, whose sole motivation is profit. Haven't you noticed how the quality of products keeps going down while the prices keep getting higher and higher? Why is this? Corporate America has realized that if they sink less money into the product and more into advertising, they can charge as much as they f---king please and people will buy it! And who has reaped the benefit of this thinking? You who are reading and I who am writing this.

I'm hoping in your future issues that this issue can continue to be explored, especially that of designers coming up with alternative venues for their work. Thanks for presenting such an important topic.

Virginia Hoge, Internet

Dear Emigre: In "The People VS The Corporate Cool Machine," (*Emigre* 49) Kalle Lasn, when referring to the "next revolution," writes: "We will strike by smashing the postmodern hall of mirrors and redefining what it means to be alive."

There is a sense, in this statement and in other current critical writing, that postmodernism as an historical period is somehow empty. There is also a sense that postmodern critical methods have become purely academic exercises devoid of any effect in the real world. Indeed many of the texts under the postmodern label are terribly tired, but it is my belief that postmodern theories offer certain critical methods that have been very effective in the past and with some reworking, could be useful today. It is worth remembering the amazing effect that Michel Foucault's work had on a number of fields when it was first published. The fact that both academia and the publishing industry have diluted many of the poststructuralists' initial critiques does not mean that the texts are a useless "hall of mirrors" to be destroyed.

But the fact remains that certain postmodern operations seem to have become tired and this is nowhere more apparent than in the field of graphic design, where the mass production of large uncritical award books filled with "post-modern looking" designs point out this lack only too obviously.

In the introduction to *Emigre* no. 45, Rudy VanderLans writes: "What once upset the *status quo* have become run-of-the-mill solutions. One bankruptcy replaces the next." "The cutting edge

has become suspiciously crowded, blunted by overexposure."

These comments almost perfectly seem to sum-up the situation we all have noticed. However, it seems to me that the blunting doesn't come from being overexposed; this "cutting edge" is blunt because its blade is missing. The majority of the new "cutting edge" works, using "postmodern methods," are effecting nothing by using them; they are not a critical process, they are only achieving a "look," a way of rearranging the surface (which at one point acted as a way to disrupt the modernist notion of clear, transparent organization, and has since itself become its own dogma of organization). They are visual, purely visual.

And this is the crux of the matter: It is a purely visualist (modern) approach to design that is producing so much of this ineffectual work. A brilliant counterpoint to the visualist approach to design can be read in Keedy's explanation of the methods of designing the type face, Keedy Sans (*Emigre* no. 47).

Keedy explains: "Most typefaces are logically systematic; if you see a few letters you can pretty much guess what the rest of the font will look like. I wanted a typeface that would willfully contradict those expectations" and "I think it is a very postmodern typeface in that it included 'high' and 'low' vernacular quotation, and it is self-consciously crude and anti-aesthetic in reaction to the slickness of Modernism."

Initially Keedy Sans had the desired, disruptive effect, but as Keedy himself has noted, through an industry that removes intended content and grafts on its own content, the effect is now lost. But this doesn't mean that finding a way to disrupt the internal logic of a particular system is a useless uncritical process, especially for the designer. It only means that as a particular operation becomes less effective, it has to be re-thought, a shift has to be made by the designer not for a "more radical look" but for a more effective process. Postmodern criticism has to continually re-find places to create rupture.

We live in a society of text and image and designers are in a unique position to affect this world, but this takes a constant attitude of criticality, and certain postmodern critical operations provide the means to this criticality.

Indeed, a mirror can be used to gaze at oneself, but it can also be repositioned to focus a blinding beam of light into the eye of the intended subject.

Craig Shannon, Internet

Dear Emigre: Just a thanks from a new reader. Since venturing into designing and publishing my own newsletters and website a year ago (teaching myself everything), I have read about *Emigre*, seen your fonts, and even purchased a copy of your magazine at the Tattered Cover store here in Denver. But I had not visited your website and order *Emigre* magazine until today. And now that I have done that, I wish to express my thanks.

First, after living off borrowed money for a year to start my organization and publications, receiving a free subscription to your magazine is simply great. It really is a big help to myself and to my work (I only wish I knew about this offer earlier).

And I am particularly excited about receiving the first issue, no. 49. Throughout the past year I have felt much dismay while reading about talented and skilled people, with seemingly progressive values and politics, creating advertisements and websites (is there a significant difference?) for big, multinational, businesses like Microsoft, Volkswagen, Benetton, and Apple.

Oftentimes these individuals actually use their own progressive values in their designs, thereby diluting and undermining the social relevance of the values and politics so many people hold dear. The values and politics for which so many people have given their lives. So naturally I am pleased to learn that *Emigre* magazine will be examining aspects of this disturbing trend.

My first year in design and desktop publishing has left me feeling alienated from these fields. Perhaps I should not be disappointed given my unique background, which includes grassroots organizing (around nuclear weapons and US foreign policy in the Americas); studies in critical theory (poststructuralism combined with democratic Marxism); plus studies in the history of American society and culture. But now it seems that I actually may have found a home within my new line of work.

If your magazine does turn out to be that home — the place where my concerns are shared and expressed — I will be forever grateful.

Please keep up the good work

Sincerely,

Steve Kasner, Internet

Dear Emigre: There have been some pretty stupid comments written to you but Vesna Anic's letter, in issue 49, was really thoughtful. Anic wrote "I am rather amused and fascinated by all the fuss about *Emigre* that is still going on. It seems as though *Emigre* survives nowadays more through its (well established) name than its supposedly radical approach to design. Maybe after fifteen years the novelty has finally worn off"

Since when has good design been reduced to novelty? If the shallowness of new, cool surface decoration is what Anic sees as an indicator of value and relevance in design, then it is no wonder for his/her disappointment in *Emigre*. The "radical approach to design" that Anic has heard about is not applied as a veneer. This is a magazine written and designed by thoughtful people intended for the same, who question assumptions and attempt to find better solutions to design problems. This process doesn't depend on finding a "new" look or a "cool" layout. It's about serving the content in ways that expand the ideas presented. Some people need to look a little deeper.

Keith Lima, Internet

Dear Emigre: While I note that many of the letters published in your "letters to the editor" segment are negative (at least recently), I have decided to send you this small piece of encouragement. I am a design undergraduate at a school in New York. As a student, I find the communications design field to be a huge mysterious world, inhabited by visions, dreams, goals and aspirations. Many of us uphold the idea that we will someday become David Carson or Neville Brody-like super stars; that one day, we'll be the ones sitting in front of an audience much like ourselves, telling the kids what it was like "when we were studying."

The problem with this is one largely addressed (perhaps not intentionally) by the Kenneth FitzGerald article in *Emigre* #48. Trying to be the rebellious, singular artist that FitzGerald describes, we students whip off work that is largely imitative, trying to look new and hip but really just ripping off ideas put forward by people before us.

It's the aesthetic that I see myself, my friends and my fellow classmates going for, and no amount of "what's your concept?" reaches us. To make things even more confusing for the aspiring designer, we have no real concept of what "good" is anymore.

Our teachers will show us Paul Rand, Herb Lubalin or Herbert Bayer. But even then, there are still questions about what makes them good. Is it because their work is "timeless" or because it is "beautiful"? But what makes it beautiful? Isn't that a subjective query? Doesn't that mean that this design has become a piece of "fine art"? OK, so Paul Rand is a functional designer. Why split up the letters in the IBM logo? What function did it serve? And even if there was a good reason, we obviously didn't grasp it right away. Does this make it successful or a failure? I couldn't answer that.

On the other hand, we look around us at the

world and we see worlds of graphic design, from the purely functional, completely conventional, centered business card to the incredibly hard to read, complex rave flyers and posters (all of which scream: "Look at me, I have a computer and can use PhotoShop!") And yet we are told that most of it is garbage, that we are expected to go out there and do better and really design; that we are the future. That we have the power of creativity as an engine through which we can achieve a "higher" sense of design and really solve the problems

But there is no communication between our teachers and the students. The students grumble when forced to use Baskerville instead of "something cool, like Democratica." We sort of dismiss it when our teachers look at our accordion fold book of layered typography and say "It's not clear enough. What are you trying to say, what will we learn here?" And then the ultimate problem is when a teacher criticizes a student's piece to hell for not having enough concept and then brings in her own work which is, ironically, equally devoid of it.

I'm not trying to knock my teachers or my schools (I've been to a couple); I've learned a whole lot. But I think that there are important questions that are being ignored by working designers, teachers and students. There should be more of a dialogue between those in already established positions and those of us who are learning. If there isn't, then every generation is going to have sharp divisions of belief about design within itself. And I am not pushing for a universal design language. I am merely saying that positive things will occur when those beginning students who ask why a Milton Glaser poster is exemplary of good design will be responded to by their teachers, and not ignored because of their naivete.

Thus, I praise *Emigre* for discussing the problems and being open to opinions. Granted I don't agree with everything I read, but it gives me a sense of definition in design (both contemporary and historical) in an otherwise mystifying field. It stimulates me to work even harder, knowing that there is at least some discussion about "What 'is' is" (sorry). Without that, we're just a bunch of creative people selfishly competing instead of learning from each other

Agustin Llona, Internet

Dear Emigre: I'm very excited to hear that you're gonna quit "report[ing] and reflect[ing] on the state of graphic design." I'm a design student nearing the end of my studies and just getting my feet wet in the real world. Becoming aware of graphic design in the midst of the "End of Print" debates has been interesting.

But enough's enough, ain't it? It's not too inspiring to be entering a professional world full of bitter, self-absorbed, well-heeled but cranky designers.

Business is good. Computers are magic. There's an ever-expanding visual vocabulary out there, and an ever-broadening audience for good design. Thank you, in advance, for trying to turn down the volume on all the muttering.

Kumera, Internet

Dear Emigre: First of all congratulations on your excellent issue #49. I have been reading *Emigre* for the last 2 years and mainly I've just scanned it, reading an article here, appreciating a layout there. So it came as a great surprise that I found myself unable to put down this issue. Your articles covered the spectrum of ideas that have concerned me as of late. In fact, I had a feeling of *deja vu* as I reread articles that I had previously read in their original publications.

In the introduction you declare the beginning of a new era of *Emigre*, starting with your next issue. No longer will you discuss the "heated debates" of design that have "run their course" and for this I offer you my sincere praise.

However, I hope that this does not include the very subjects you covered in this issue. The articles in issue #49 encompass the subjects that should be of utmost concern to designers today.

Can designers as human beings afford to play the role of a modern day Leni Riefenstahl, claiming to only make good design without concern for its final effect? Should not the idea of good design encompass a wider spectrum of criteria, including its effect on the world from production to realization?

My company, ALR Design Force, is founded on the idea that just because I find satisfaction in creating graphic design, I do not need to contradict my own deeply held personal beliefs in the process. This is the attitude that I bring to every level of my company, from whom I work with to what materials I use. I offer discounts if clients make contributions to non-profit organizations I believe in. Thus we both win: they get a discount on their design as well as a tax deduction, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that I'm making a small but real step towards achieving a better world. You have the potential to do the same with *Emigre* as you "put your ideologies to work." Strong words coupled with action are what will start the wheels of change. I await issue #50 with anticipation

Noah Scalin, Hoboken, NJ

Dear Emigre: Thank you for the excellent "Everything is for Sale" issue (no. 49). I have been thinking a lot recently about the moral duplicity of advertising from my own Quaker/Christian viewpoint, and to read of similar ideas from *Adbusters'* editor Kalle Lasn, and the great critique by Jonathan Dee, was encouraging and thought-provoking. I hope No. 49 struck as deep with your other readers as it did with me.

I am in design/advertising because I have (as Dee quotes) "The simple desire of people who write and draw to write and draw" [EB White], and I love my job. I have been sensitive to the more obvious moral "sins" in design, such as promoting something damaging to people (e.g. cigarettes, military weaponry), and even the much grayer areas such as designing a logo that subtly suggests that a company is something it isn't (high-tech, well-organized, etc.).

But the real issue, the one we in design/advertising do not want to face up to, is that we are selling The Big Lie: that we are what we buy. That when we buy these shoes, we're buying honesty; that when we drink this beer, we're drinking the American Dream. And the other side of The Lie, that consuming is fulfilling, that if we can always buy what we want, we will be happy. So much of advertising, and even much of design, is focused on this Lie. When we are old and look back on what we have accomplished, a wall full of awards will not fill up the emptiness we will feel about our life's work.

The idea of an "advocacy ad agency" is wonderful. I want to be part of such an entity! Of course, doing some percentage of work to "sell ideas instead of products" is a first step, but to be able to be fully dedicated to such work, and use design as a positive force for good — aah, that would be great.

As Americans, we are constantly force-fed the idea that we are defined by what we buy, and that consumption is a constant goal, as well as other unpalatable concepts, such as the myth of redemptive violence. We cannot see, hear and read all this without it affecting us — we are what we eat, media wise. One thing we can do to fight the "corporate cool machine" is not buy the media: turn off the TV, don't buy the magazines, etc. I don't mean a complete withdrawal from the media world, just being very selective about what we feed into our brains. This will not only cleanse our souls; it will punish the corporate machine — if enough people refuse it

Darryl Brown, Internet

(an American designer in Scotland)

Dear Emigre: I read the introduction about your website in #48, then the reader responses in #49. My two cents (Euro-cents, though) are that, yes it works pretty well, but that, no indeed, it obviously doesn't have the same cutting-edge characteristics as the magazine

Underlying all the discussion is the claim that *Emigre* is cool in print and should therefore be cool in "all" of its endeavors. My opinion is, screen design and print design are different fields; *Emigre* was created to explore new areas of print, therefore the *Emigre* website can not be soooo-cool man, unless *Emigre* decides to create a www.Emigre department.

It seems to me that print and online media are significantly different, and that if a group of designers means to be at the avant-garde in print (which, as far as I'm concerned, *Emigre* succeeds in doing), that same group cannot be at the avant-garde of online design as well, because online design requires different skills, tastes, and above all, different interests.

Compared to print, online design features a near lack of choice in the screen format, size, resolution and handling of color, and more generally, a lack of control over the output; constraints of k-size, download and execution speed, of legibility (significantly different than those of print); a "crucial" need to create interactivity as well as design. Moreover, there is, there "must be" a difference in purpose: you don't use a medium that offers interactivity just for the hell of it!

Thus, if www.emigre.com were to become a cool web site, it would probably be by other people than those who make the magazine, and for another purpose. So "Emigre" would only be a trademark. Do we really want that to happen?!

Raphael Mazoyer, Hilversum,
The Netherlands, Internet

Dear Emigre: Thomas Frank has articulated what is at once the most unique aspect of our current moment and also the most invisible: The impossibility of being exterior to the capitalist machine. While he states the problem clearly, his explanation neglects a thing or two.

The demise of the Soviet Union may have much to do with it: The lack of any ideology to counter global capitalism. (Well, not only ideology — also an economic system.) The result is unbridled global capitalist expansion. And so, greed takes command and everything is fair game.

Capitalism works by destroying social relationships and replacing them with economic ones. The most advanced capitalist business models seek to expose, isolate and eliminate social conventions on the presumption that they implicitly impede the creation of wealth. This is more than just bowing down to money; it is also a process by which wealth is created by consuming the social fabric. No wonder our society is so fucked up.

The other phenomenon that supports this is the speedy cooption of cultural production. The life-cycle of a cultural motif from underground to corporate sponsorship gets shorter all the time. In the seventies it took long over a decade; today it has to be less than three months. The result is wholesale nostalgia-mining. Thus we have the all-too-easy and all-too-many tidbits of 50s, 60s and 70s advertising appearing in design.

Why is retro so cool? Perhaps because in the current frenzy of social destruction, the only way we can identify ourselves is by comparison with what we once were, like the picture of Dorian Grey, showing how empty and used up we've become.

btw: Issue 49 was painful to look at. Keep up the good work.

Robert Egert, New York City, Internet

Dear Emigre: I feel that the debate over the *Emigre* website needs to come to an end. There has been a strong defense in favor of the function over flashy design of the site: It needs to run fast

and work. It's a "place" where someone can do what they need easily. And the site certainly does that. But a scary thing begins to work its way out of applying that viewpoint to the entire Internet. "Just getting the job done" certainly isn't enough. "Decoration" is a waste, but design isn't. We all know that there is always something to be said for visual effect. The "perfect" balance between function and design will be different for each site. To sacrifice design on the web in place of functionality is like telling the people at *Emigre* to fit more words on each page to save printing costs. If I really need a specific thing to happen on a website I'm building, then I will make someone download a plug-in. But if a "cool trick" will be only that, then I won't use it. Design is about decisions: What exactly is necessary. And sometimes slowing a page's download time is

I like the *Emigre* site. It has a unique style. It's very functional. But there are always several sides to a story. To Katie Shumack, who wrote, "Design should make information accessible to the world, a task that most web design does very poorly right now." You are wrong. Design isn't about accessibility. Design is the world's most common "art" form and to limit it to something that needs to work for the masses will kill it. In a time when design is finally becoming accepted as a "real" part of business and life, it is a shot in our own foot to apply limits. The web is huge and is getting bigger. To say it must be fast and accessible is a joke. Most people don't even have a computer. I say accept the slow, awkward, ugly, bell and whistle-filled sites. Accept the new technology that you must spend an hour downloading. It is those sorts of things that will advance us to the future. I want to see a site that has all of the latest technology and tricks and loads in under ten seconds. That won't happen if we all shoot to hit the target of 28kbps modems and 640x480, 256 color monitors. It also won't if we all shoot to miss it.

End of story.

Michael McKenney, Yarmouth, ME., Internet

Dear Emigre: Re. *Emigre* 44.

Tiny type is so uncool. Lazy graphic designers make everything very small.

Everything looks cute when reduced to a tiny size. Bold text is also physically painful to read. You obviously have no respect for your audience.

Great graphic design is both arresting and

legible.

Stephen Gleason, Boston, MA, Internet



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Vendetta



Cholla

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INTRODUCING: VENDETTA

BY JOHN DOWNER

THE FAMOUS ROMAN TYPE cut in Venice by Nicolas Jenson, and used in 1470 for his printing of the tract, *De Evangelica Præparatione*, Eusebius, has usually been declared the seminal and definitive representative of a class of types known as Venetian Old Style. The Jenson type is thought to have been the primary model for types that immediately followed. Subsequent 15th-century Venetian Old Style types, cut by other punchcutters in Venice and elsewhere in Italy, are also worthy of study, but have been largely neglected by 20th-century type designers.

There were many versions of Venetian Old Style types produced in the final quarter of the *quattrocento*. The exact number is unknown, but numerous printed examples survive, though the actual types, matrices, and punches are long gone. All these types are not, however, conspicuously Jensonian in character. Each shows a liberal amount of individuality, inconsistency, and eccentricity.

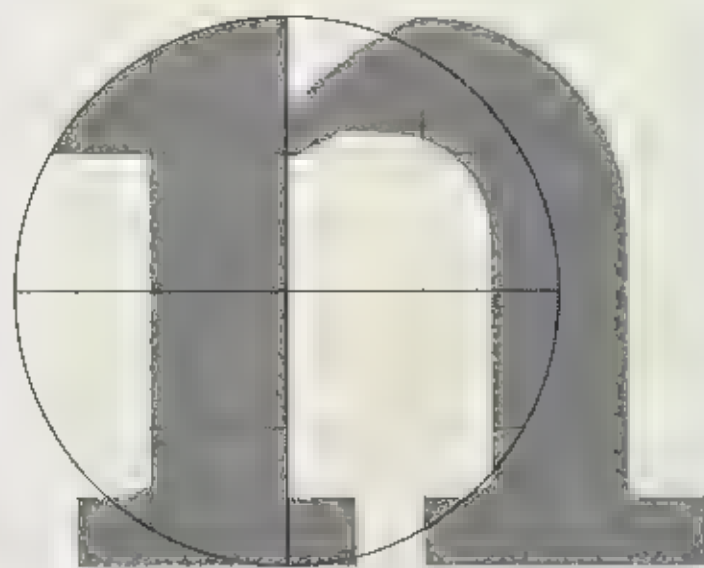


Diagram for letter n from Vendetta Bold.

My fascination with these historical types began in the 1970s and eventually led to the production of my first text typeface, Iowan Old Style (Bitstream, 1991). Sometime in the early 1990s, I started doodling letters for another Venetian typeface. The letters were pieced together from sections of circles and squares. The n, a standard lowercase control character in a text typeface, came first. Its most unusual feature was its head serif, a bisected quadrant of a circle. My aim was to see if its sharp beak would work with blunt, rectangular, foot serifs. Next, I wanted to see if I could construct a set of capital letters by following a similar design system.

Rectangular serifs, or what we today call "slab serifs," were common in early roman printing types, particularly text types cut in Italy before 1500. Slab serifs are evident on both lowercase and uppercase characters in roman types of the Incunabula period, but they are seen mainly at the feet of the lowercase letters. The head serifs on lowercase letters of early roman types were usually angled. They were not arched, like mine. Oddly, there seems to be no actual historical precedent for my approach.

Another characteristic of my arched serif is that the side opposite the arch is flat, not concave. Arched, concave serifs were used extensively in early italic types, a genre which first appeared more than a quarter century after roman types. Their forms followed humanistic cursive writing, common in Italy since before movable type was used there. Initially, italic characters were all lowercase, set with upright capitals (a practice I much admire and would like to see revived). Sloped italic capitals were not introduced until the middle of the sixteenth century, and they have very little to do with the evolution of humanist scripts.

In contrast to the cursive writing on which italic types were based, formal book hands used by humanist scholars to transcribe classical texts served as a source of inspiration for the lowercase letters of the first roman types cut in Italy. While book hands were not as informal as cursive scripts, they still had features which could be said to be more calligraphic than geometric in detail. Over time, though, the copied vestiges of calligraphy virtually disappeared from roman fonts, and type became more rational. This profound change in the way type developed was also due in part to popular interest in the classical inscriptions of Roman antiquity. Imperial Roman letters, or majuscules, became models for the capital letters in nearly all early roman printing types.

So it was, that the first letters in my typeface arose from pondering how shapes of lowercase letters and capital letters relate to one another in terms of classical ideals and geometric proportions, two pinnacles in a range of artistic notions which emerged during the Italian Renaissance. Indeed, such ideas are interesting to explore, but in the field of type design they often lead to dead ends. It is generally acknowledged, for instance, that pure geometry, as a strict approach to type design, has limitations. No roman alphabet, based solely on the circle and square, has ever been ideal for continuous reading. This much, I knew from the start.

In the course of developing my typeface for text, innumerable compromises were made. Even though the finished letterforms retain a measure of geometric structure, they were modified again and again to improve their performance *en masse*. Each modification caused further deviation from my original scheme, and gave every font a slightly different direction. In the lower case letters especially, I made countless variations, and diverged significantly from my original plan. For example, not all the arcs remained radial, and they were designed to vary from font to font. Such variety added to the individuality of each style. The counters of many letters are described by intersecting arcs or angled facets, and the bowls are not round. In the capitals, angular bracketing was used practically everywhere stems and serifs meet, accentuating the terseness of the characters. As a result of all my tinkering, the entire family took on a kind of rich, familiar, coarseness — akin to roman types of the late 1400s.

In his book, *Printing Types* D. B. Updike wrote:

Almost all Italian roman fonts in the last half of the fifteenth century had an air of "security" and generous ease extremely agreeable to the eye. Indeed, there is nothing better than fine Italian roman type in the whole history of typography.

It does seem a shame that only in the 20th century have revivals of these beautiful types found acceptance in the English language. For four centuries (circa 1500 - circa 1900) Venetian Old Style faces were definitely not in favor in any living language. Recently, though, reinterpretations of early Italian printing types have been returning with a vengeance. The name Vendetta, which as an Italian sound I like, struck me as being a word that could be taken to signify a comeback of types designed in the Venetian style.

In closing, I should add that a large measure of Vendetta's overall character comes from a synthesis of ideas, old and new. Hallmarks of roman type design from the Incunabula period are blended with contemporary concerns for the optimal display of letterforms on computer screens. Vendetta is thus not a historical revival. It is instead an indirect but personal digital homage to the roman types of punchcutters whose work was influenced by the example Jenson set in 1470.

DESIGNED BY JOHN DOWNER | CIRCA 1997 - 99

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Published by Emigre

Palm Desert is a combination travel book, fan's tribute, Chamber of Commerce propaganda, and music review. This visual/verbal acid trip is based on the 1968 musical composition "Palm Desert" by composer unique Van Dyke Parks. Somewhere between fact, fantasy and fiction, this book strives to echo Parks's creative approach of blending classical, historical, vernacular, experimental and environmental themes. Photography and design by Rudy VanderLans. Essays by Kenneth FitzGerald and Brian Schorn. Typeface designs by Zuzana Licko.

Also includes a bonus music CD containing the original "Palm Desert" recording as well as three loose adaptations by Itchy Pet, Honey Barbara, and Elliott Peter Earls. Playing time: 21 minutes.

96 pages, 5.5 x 8.5 inches, 75 full color and duotone photographs, cloth cover with blind emboss, sewn and case bound, CD attached in back.

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LOOKING CLOSER 2: CRITICAL WRITINGS ON GRAPHIC DESIGN

Edited by Michael Bierut, William Drenttel, Steven Heller and DK Holland.

Published by Allworth Press. Co-published with the AIGA.

Looking Closer 2 addresses the issues that have sparked discourse and discord over the past two years. And like the first, the second volume serves as an ad hoc textbook of graphic design criticism. Featuring commentaries, manifestoes, reviews, editorials, and reportage by, among others, Robin Kinross, Tibor Kalman, Ellen Lupton, Katherine McCoy, Veronique Vienne, Zuzana Licko, Rick Paynor, J. Abbott Miller, Jan Wozencroft, Ellen Shapiro and Andrew Blauvelt. 272 Pages, 6.75 x 10 inches, softcover.

\$18.95

PAUL RAND. AMERICAN MODERNIST

By Jessica Helfand. Published by William Drenttel New York.

This book contains two long critical essays on Paul Rand, arguably the most celebrated American graphic designer of this century. Helfand explores Rand's particular form of modernism and his role in creating the new visual language which revolutionized American design as both an art and a business. Helfand offers fresh insights into Rand's passionate interests in the European avant-garde, his seminal influence on American design education, and the enduring relevance of his work for American corporations, most notably for IBM. This is the first book on Rand since his death in 1996, and brings to light fascinating contradictions that make his legacy all the more distinctive. Designed by William Drenttel and Jeffrey Tyson. Set in Filosofia. 86 Pages, 4.5 x 7 inches, paperback in dust jacket.

\$12.00

EMIGRE (EXHIBITION CATALOG)

Edited and designed by Emigre. Published by Drukkerij Rosbeek bv.

In February 1998 Emigre received the Charles Nypels Award, an award which is assigned once every two years to an individual or institution that has made significant innovations in the area of typography. On the occasion of this event an exhibition of the work of Emigre was held at the Jan van Eyck Academy in Maastricht, Holland, and an accompanying catalog was published and printed by Drukkerij Rosbeek bv. The catalog, which was designed and compiled by Emigre, features essays by Rick Paynor and Lorraine Wild, a selection of quotes from back issues, as well as samples of Emigre's layouts and typefaces.

72 Pages, 7.75 x 7.75 inches, softcover with flaps, perfect bound

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EMIGRE (THE BOOK): GRAPHIC DESIGN INTO THE DIGITAL REALM

Edited and designed by Emigre. Published by Van Nostrand Reinhold.

In 1984 Emigre magazine set out to explore the as-yet-untapped and uncharted possibilities of Macintosh-generated graphic design. Boldly new and different, Emigre broke rules, opened eyes and earned its creators, Rudy VanderLans and Zuzana Licko, cult status in the world of graphic design. 96 Pages, 11 x 15 inches, softcover, over 300 illustrations, with commentary from VanderLans and Licko. Essay by Mr. Keedy.

Regular Edition: \$24.95

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(4 item shipping rate). The Deluxe Edition of the book is hand-signed by Zuzana Licko and Rudy VanderLans and presented in a hand-made, cloth-covered slipcase.

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SIX ESSAYS (+2) ON DESIGN AND NEW MEDIA

By Jessica Helfand. Published by William Drenttel New York.

Jessica Helfand is a designer who writes frequently about the impact of technology on the design professions. These essays, published in an earlier form in *Print* magazine in 1994 and 1995, examine the impact of design on information technologies, including the role of typography in screen-based media, the function of identity in on-line environments, and the questionable legacy of desktop metaphors in interaction design. Her overriding concern is that the race to provide information on-line neglects the experience - the drama, the emotions, the human connections - in short, the editorial content.

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MRS EAVES SPECIMEN BOOKLET

A special letterpress printed version of the type specimen booklet announcing the release of Mrs Eaves, a typeface designed by Zuzana Licko. Booklet designed by Rudy VanderLans and printed on a Heidelberg Ksba cylinder press by Peter Koch at his printing office in Berkeley, CA.

20 Pages plus wrap-around cover, 5.75 x 8.75 inches.

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AND SHE TOLD 2 FRIENDS

Edited & designed by Kali Nikitas

This catalog documents an exhibit held at Woman Made Gallery in Chicago, Illinois, in June 1996. *And She Told 2 Friends* celebrates the female network that exists within the global design community and seeks to acknowledge the link between contributions made by women and the support and admiration that exists among them. By inviting two women to submit work and asking each one to do the same, and so on, this exhibit curated itself. Each designer chose their own submission, and provided the text accompanying their work together with their reasons for inviting their two "friends." Includes work by Barbara Glauber, Rebeca Mendez, Denise Gonzales Crisp, Ellen Lupton, Robynne Raye, Lorraine Wild and others.

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[****]

Four-Letter Word, or [****], is a quarterly magazine produced, designed, authored, and published by Thirstype. "Want" and "FINK" are the first two issues in a series of conceptual pop commentary that will focus on, look into, draw from, and fuck with, any and everything that captures the authors' attention. Better yet, [****] will allow the reader to indulge in excessive production values and maximum rejuvenation of the self. Each edition will be limited to 1,000 copies.

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"WANT" (left) gold softcover with gold embossed logo. \$20.00

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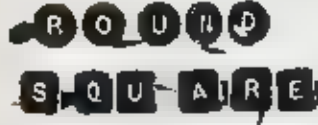
A Thirst production.

Written and designed by Rick Valicenti for the Friends of Gilbert. This lush book is meant as "a mid-life celebration of turning forty-five, twenty-three years of marriage...and two years of working at home with family, friends, and the occasional glitch in the software." The book is "starring his family and friends in the hood." 24 Pages, 18 x 11.875 inches, softcover, including dye-cut transparent pages. Hand signed by the creators.

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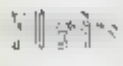
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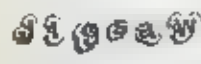
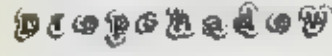
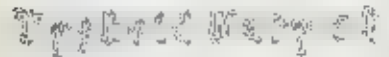
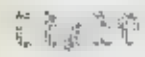

D | Dead History \$65 Roman
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Democrat \$65 Regular
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Dogma \$45 **Bold**
Script Bold
Black

Dogma \$59 **Outline**
Extra Outline


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Bold

Elliott's \$149 **Blue Eye Shadow**


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Venus Dioxide Outline

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Ten
Fourteen
Fifteen

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F | Fel aParts \$59  170 illustrations

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Single Extras
Double Extras

S | Sabbath Black
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Suburban
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Tail
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T | Tarzana
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Narrow
Italic
Bold
Bold Italic

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Wide
Italic
Bold
Bold Italic

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\$59
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TOTALLY GLYPHIC

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Bold
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\$95
Serif Light
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\$95
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\$65
Condensed Regular
Condensed Black

Triplex
\$65
Condensed Serif Regular
Condensed Serif Black

U | Universal
\$59
Eight
Nineteen

V | Varrex
\$95
Light
regular
bold

Vendetta
\$95
Light
Light Italic
LIGHT SM CAPS & FRAC
LIGHT PETITE CAPS
Bold

Vendetta
\$95
Medium
Medium Italic
MEDIUM SM CAPS & FR
MEDIUM PETITE CAPS
Bold

W | Whirrigig
\$59
 152 illustrations

Z | ZeitGuys
\$59
 126 illustrations

LICENSING

www.emigre.com/EUL.html

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Barry Deck

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and Bob Aufuldish

Blue Eye

John Downer

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Triplex

Triplex Modula

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Edward Fella

OutWest

Sibylla Hagmann

Frank Heine

Remedy

John Hersey

Backhead

Thingbat

Jeffery Keedy

Keedy Sans

Zuzana Licko

Blue

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Coming Soon!

The screenshot displays the FontFont Online Shop interface. On the left, a sidebar shows a search bar with 'Meta' entered and a 'GO' button. Below the search bar are links for 'packages', 'categories', and 'designer'. A list of font packages is shown, including 'FF Meta 1' and various 'Meta Bold Italic' and 'Meta Book Italic' options. The main area features a search bar with the text 'Enter sample text and hit return', a 'Pt Size' dropdown, and a 'view text in this font' button. Below this, a preview of the text 'JACKDÅWS LOVE MY BIG SPHINX OF QUARTZ. BLOWZY RED VIXEÑS FIGHT FOR A QUICK JUMP? THE FIVE "BOXING WIZARDS" JUMP QUICKLY. JUGE QUI' is shown in the 'Meta Bold Italic' font. Below the preview, a table lists the font details: Font (Meta Bold Italic, Bd It LF, Bd It Exp), Designer (Erik Spiekermann), Platform (mac, pc, both), and Price (\$40.00). An 'Add to Basket' button is visible. At the bottom, a shopping cart table shows the selected item and its price, with a 'Purchase' button.

FontFont Online Shop

search by font:

Enter sample text and hit return Pt Size

JACKDÅWS LOVE MY BIG SPHINX OF QUARTZ. BLOWZY RED VIXEÑS FIGHT FOR A QUICK JUMP? THE FIVE "BOXING WIZARDS" JUMP QUICKLY. JUGE QUI

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Font	Meta Bold Italic, Bd It LF, Bd It Exp	Item	Bundle
Designer	Erik Spiekermann	Info	You get fonts with this bundle that aren't available separately
Platform	<input checked="" type="radio"/> mac <input type="radio"/> pc <input type="radio"/> both	Price	\$40.00 (\$60.00 for both platforms)

Font	Platform	Item	Price	
Meta Bold Italic, Bd It LF, Bd It Exp	mac	bundle	\$40.00	<input type="button" value="remove"/>
			total: \$40.00	

Price and product availability subject to change.



FontFont Online Shop

The online type resource from **FSI** : FontShop International

Web design by AMXstudios, London

MANUFACTURING DISSENT

The art of Shawn Wolfe, courtesy Beatkit Mfg.

Beatkit asserts "The Falling Sky." Why go on spreading darkness at the speed of light? Three Dimensional Objects are Fourth Dimensional surfaces! All Beatkit products come to you Beatkit Factory Direct and ASAP "Gold Standard" Next-Day guaranteed. Beatkit is as Beatkit does. Beatkit believes that Millennial High-Impact performance is Job One. Like a Good Neighbor, Beatkit acts as a memetic vaccine; a corrosive, corrective "third eyewear"; as revolutionary jumpstart cables to your inner engines of vision quest, powering you through dense, italicized forests of inertial signage; a mindbomb ticking at the corporate mock-liturg; a lens of terrible purpose, all at once. Get Beatkit!

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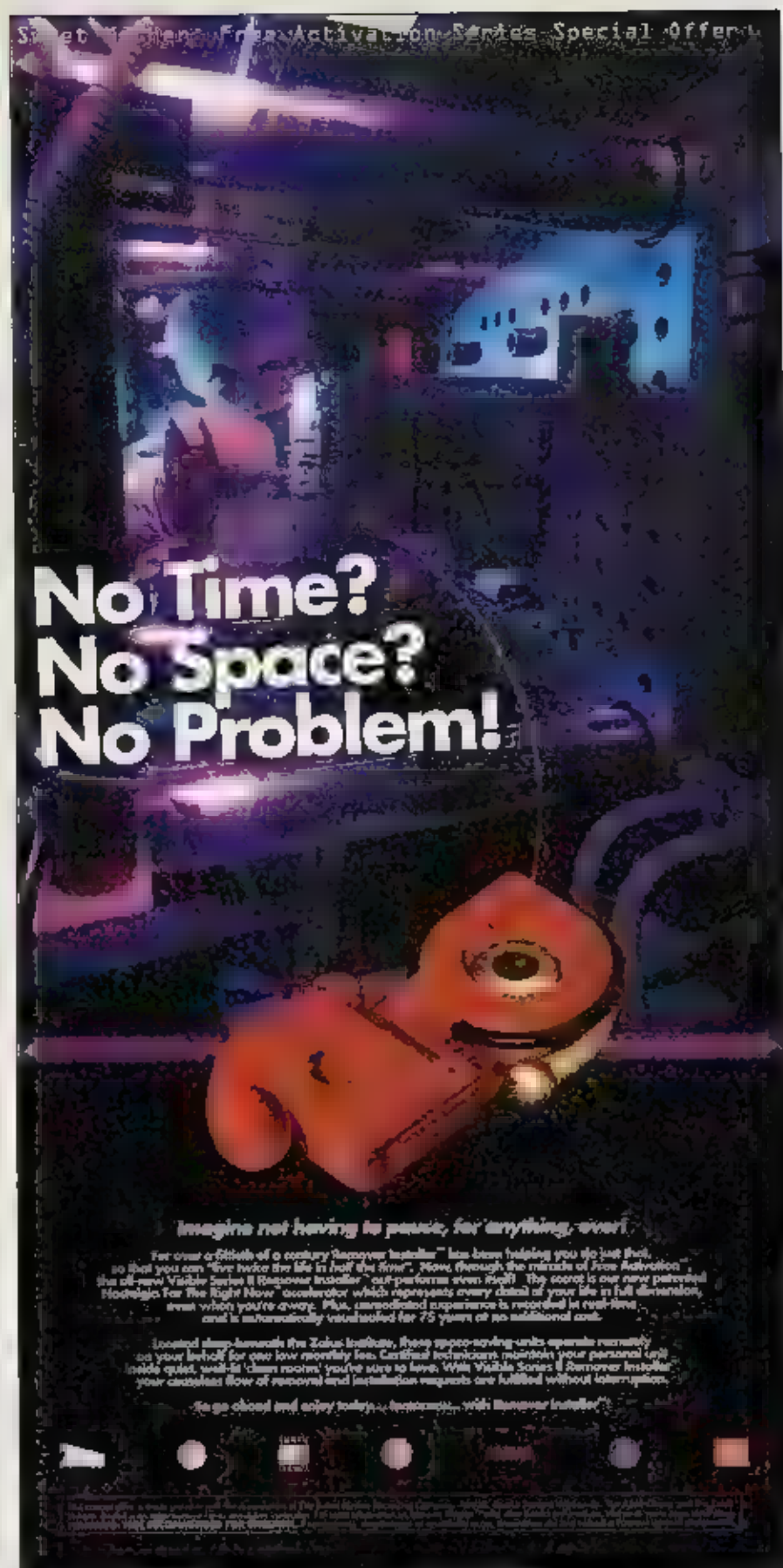
Brand of the Century by Darick Chamberlin

Beatkit is a Brand of the Century, proliferating through myriad media like a star gone nova, on a collision course with its own — and perhaps our own — massive collapses to come. Beatkit, through the unmitigable express vehicle of *Beatkit World Servicing*, provides a wide range of goods and services while adhering to the shaman's central belief that any whole must somehow be manufactured, created, made, *imagined* — in such a way as to exceed a mere sum of its parts.

With less than 200 days remaining until we discover the true impact of January 1, Year 2000 — more and more feel myself to be some kind of Wildard to the Colonel Kurtz of Beatkit. Most people — due no doubt to the ways in which this custom brand seamlessly situates itself within what the Statisticians christened the "integrated spectacle" and what I will call "The non-local jungles of The Now" — know Beatkit (if they are aware of Beatkit at all) as the brainchild of designer Shawn Wolfe. But to even those clients for whom Wolfe and Beatkit have delivered a cross-platformed identity or full campaign, sometimes sense that the underlying agenda of Beatkit remains for them enigmatic. End users

busily immersed in their own movie admire and enjoy Beatkit products, even second or third hand, without consciously acknowledging that Beatkit is — by its own definition — *An Advertisement for Its Own Future Uselessness*.

Perhaps this terminal element of Beatkit identity and production has been overshadowed by the various posters, CD packages, advertisements, illustrations and other projects that Wolfe has, as Beatkit, done. His economic and uncannily prescient designs have earned him a growing reputation as a designer's designer, as someone who is in league with the future or who seemingly recently arrived from there, evidenced most dynamically in his *Bionic Cat* line and his sly, crisp decade-blending. His command of pictorial and linguistic economies, and his grey-magic gestalt buck pandemic trends of pixel-hemorrhaging excess. Beatkit tee shirts and novelty gear are literally what to wear to the *End of the Century*. There's been something contagious and fashionable about his work all along, but this "terminal" or cautionary subprogram embedded in the very code of Beatkit itself, since 1999, what we finally see first



Remover Installer™ poster from "Free Activation Series Vol. 1" CD
3D modelling by James Tawning & Joe Mack. © 1997 Sweet Mother



top Bionio Cat Tee, 1991
below New Products Tee, 1996



Save The Heroes campaign, abandoned in 1997



End Of The Century Poster Series Vol. 3
Beatkit nominates Remover Installer™
as 1999's Panic Party candidate



Beetkit 12. Shrink wrapped zine, 1987



top logo ARD.space night club
left logo Pop Detail marketing
center logo Sweet Mother record label
right logo Tasty Shows promoters
bottom logo Ace Hotel



CD package for The Vandallas
The Vandallas are a manufactured pop group
in the spirit of The Archies. As part of the
CD design Wolfe was asked to redesign the
characters. © 1998 Tenpop Works



Beetkit Systematic Gum, 1997
"A Merciful God In Every Stick"
(awaiting F.D.A. approval)

Beatkit began and will end with the **Beatkit logo**, which in its most utilized form consists of the word Beatkit dividing the Beatkit masthead, two taglines that are intended to be taken together and which read, "Since 1984, Until 2000." Beatkit was for a brief time spelled "Beetkt"; foreshadowing strategic/ritual self-deformations to come. Wolfe designed the current version of the Beatkit logo in 1987 as an almost unconscious response to a curiosity germinating even then in his mind about those final few hours of 1999. What will happen to culture, to nature? He'd recently graduated from the art college! Was still myself in the weary process of attending, a rigorously anti-intellectual factory comprised of a few cement bunkers adjacent to the Columbus Museum of Art. I'd already heard of Beatkit, which at that particular time was a zine available on a small **point of purchase standee** in the school's supply store and in record shops near the Ohio State University campus. Beatkit was by then already a "brand," distributing cassettes and prodigious amounts of irreverent xerography, comics, and little tracts or pop rants on music and media. Beatkit was also already connecting Wolfe to other artists and projects, through mail art and collaboration. This was another aspect of Beatkit's appeal from the very start; its function as **machinery that generates machinery**, as design steward and social crystalizer.

In those days, Wolfe was employed at Les Wexner's vast Limited corporate headquarters, an even more anti-intellectual factory to be sure, but one with a scope and scale that informed his emerging sense of what Marvin Gaye described

as "what's going on." Wexner's philosophy was itself a bald proclamation of vapor style-shuffling, of knockoffs and **le faux**, of winning the no-risk race to come in a safe though lucrative second. Wexner referred to it as "moving to the numbers." Wolfe considered it "rote pacekeeping" and would joke in private correspondence later about how those years and the several that followed were spent "making crosses for the Romans." This clearly reveals his political skepticism with regards to advertising's mission to manufacture need and an incurable sense of lack in the general population. (The inflationary and horizonless vista of these false needs, the hyperreal landfill monument to the post-war bottom line, is one Beatkit suffers on, diagnoses, and assembles itself to work through.) Beatkit aims to boot up a general system-wide distrust of systems. And the flawed ecologies hatched and harvested by the mechanist combines of Late-Cap **20th Century Technopoly** provide us with mounting evidence that Wolfe's Beatkit is no mere Chicken Little.

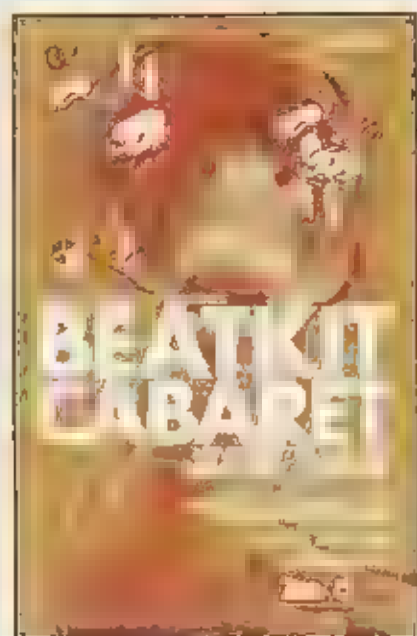
Wolfe and Beatkit share Jung's "horror at mass-produced objects"; though inevitably of course such objects are forced by The Spectacle, as are we all, to celebrate themselves as a peculiar sort of "ends to a means." This is a lesson that only time spent in the belly of the **retail whale** can teach a person. In the Limited Phase, Wolfe's days were spent designing newer and better hangtags and floridly Francophilic gibberish sweatshirts for **mallpeople**, the Devo™ Corporate Anthem meanwhile killing him softly through Walkman™ headphones. It was



What are people for? acrylic on canvas, 1998



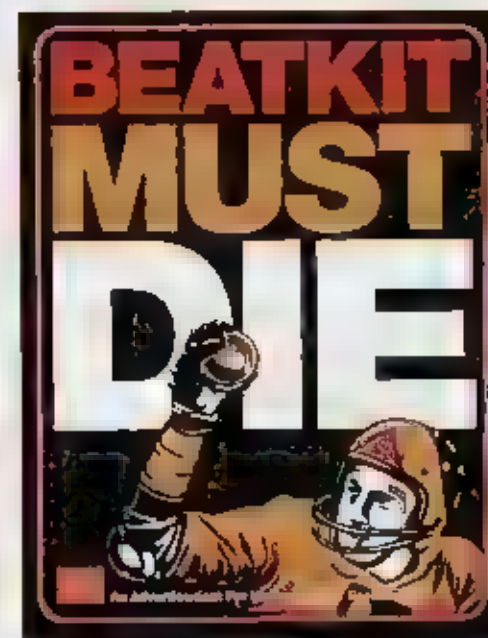
Upside down in a net a man isn't worth much.



Poster for Beatkit Cabaret
Live performance night, 1996



Dispepsi, CD package, 1997
Negativland sampled liberally from
Pepsi advert sing past and present,
flirting with the disasters of trademark
law and the sanctity of a brand's image



End Of The Century Poster Series Vol. I
Corporate shill Johnathan E. makes
the inevitable call to arms. 1999



Bionic Cat, 1990

as if the poison pill of knowing better was somehow hidden within his power lunch.

Around this same time he had been researching genres of literature with his favorite eye focussed on those with more esoteric (what we might call Millennial) themes: an interest in the irrational, in spirituality and spiritualism, in history "in quotes"; psychology, ethics, soulstuff. He was attempting, it seems, to school himself in a **hidden curriculum** that his personal tradition lacked, or that he was merely finally growing thirsty for. The impoverished conditions of the educational systems he had already invested in demanded, he was discovering, some kind of internal reorganization and radical alteration. This reorganization and **transvaluational tectonic shift** is one that late-20th Century American culture was itself then already undergoing, and will continue to undergo (again, barring **actual Apocalypse**). From this point forward he sought to find a way of working that would honor the **feedback** his own senses afforded him. He wanted his work as a designer to not feel like a betrayal of his own better angels. A new vitality was amplifying Beatkit's emerging "mission" and this was fueling Wolfe's need to escape (among other things) his gig at The Limited and eventually Ohio itself.

As a **microcosm of his parent culture**, Wolfe acutely feels the anxiety of being a **beige American AfterModern** and being thus rootlessly uncontained on a wide-open plain, severed from history. As a satire of old shop signs and the

sepia-tone cliché of "Traditional American Business" values, the "Since 1984" would have served as a rather funny element of any logo being designed in 1987. So 1984 — "the year **cyberspace** broke" — was not temporally located far enough in the past to convince anyone of a Beatkit brand legacy. But complementing this unsubtle critique of "origins" was the more pregnant other half, "Until 2000." Long before the man on the street — even **Organization Man** — got the news that our exteriorized systems were less than reliable and that we'd have more than simply the unknown to contend with on January 1st of 2000, Beatkit was embodying the very fact in its masthead.

Where others are now content to utilize vernacular language in massified contexts, thereby exploiting consumers, Beatkit chooses to elevate secular and massified languages to a **mystical threshold**, annihilating itself in the process. It has elsewhere been noted that **Nike's transcendental swoosh** cost that company a mere 35 dollars. (This initial investment has since been recouped, no doubt.) That vaguely French curve, frozen midwriggle, has metastasized into a floating signifier of titanic virtual proportion. Foregoing additional analyses of how the advertising industry itself has "evolved," annexing hipster and countercultural signifiers to further The Spectacle and add to its own immensities of inertia (explored to devastating completeness in **Thomas Frank's The Conquest of Cool**), I would like instead to locate the particular paradoxical strategy Beatkit employs in its kamikaze-style, tautological **logomancy**.



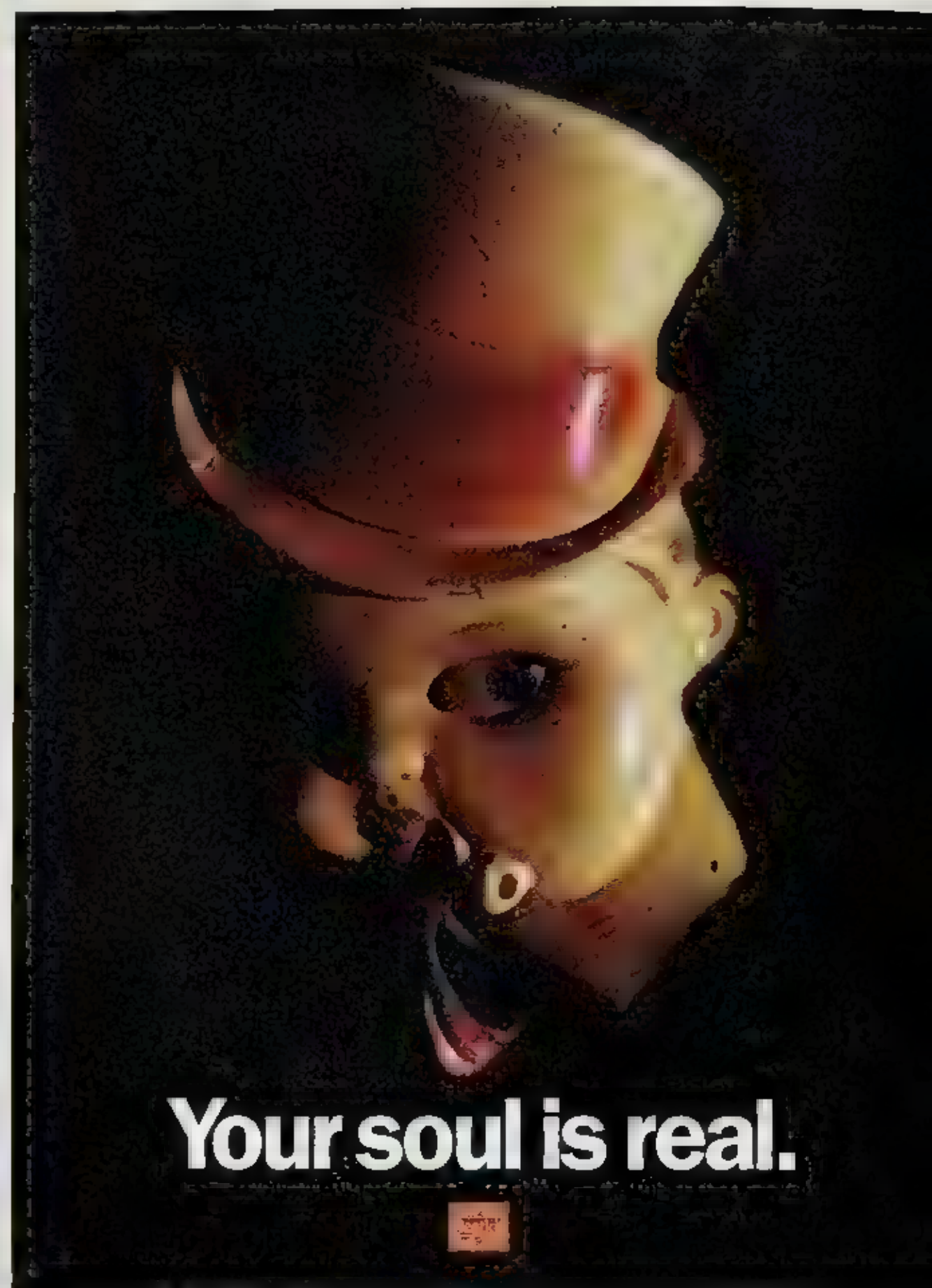


Since 1984
Beatkit
 Until 2000

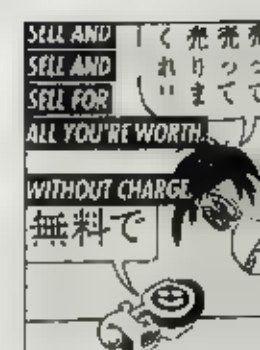
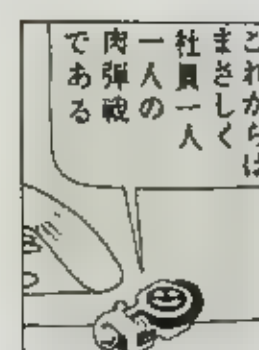
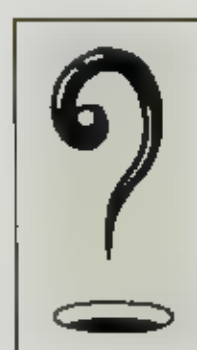
Stills taken from the absurdist talk show *Ballard & Ballard*, 1994
 Produced under the auspices of
 Beatkit World Servicing, Orb TV and The ASAP Group
 Directed by Mark Blubaugh



Advertisement for *Remover Installer*™, 1997
Originally appeared in *Craphound* magazine
Twins illustration by Eben Forney



Your soul is real. Poster 1997



In a letter to Walter Redfern, arch scholar of the pun, a colleague of his noted that "If you engineer a small breakdown of language, by dislocating and misusing words, it might have the force of a magic spell against major breakdowns of language, logic, and civilization." This is one of the several formal and conceptual differences between Beatkit and Nike. Both clearly are false needs. Both are triumphs of style over substance. Both rely on the exchanges of power and the exercising of domination implicit in the Late Capital phase and all that **Fredric Jameson** stuff. But only one is giving you something in addition to the deception of its brand. Compare Nike's "Just Do It" to equivalent Beatkit campaigns, all employed at one time or another: "The General Gloss Of Falsity Is Our Only Product"; "Have You Hugged Your Apocalypse Today?"; "Get Your Head Out of Your Ads!" There is in the self-interrogating directness of this **metalanguage** an attempt at cultural vaccination; a kind of fighting-fire-with-fire strategy. Beatkit's relentless refusal to fully partake of an unproblematic inclusion within the free-market exchange ultimately comments on the entire mechanism of the exchange, and thus suggests **Godelian limits** to any comfort or pleasure or feeling of pride we might hope to wrest from The Spectacle. A full account, a full **reckoning**, is currently **impossible**; Beatkit won't deviate from suggesting that until it is, all motives and systems are suspect.

The practice of this strategy drives Beatkit toward its "completion." In the years since Beatkit was first hatched in vats of "**hoodlum science**," Wolfe has

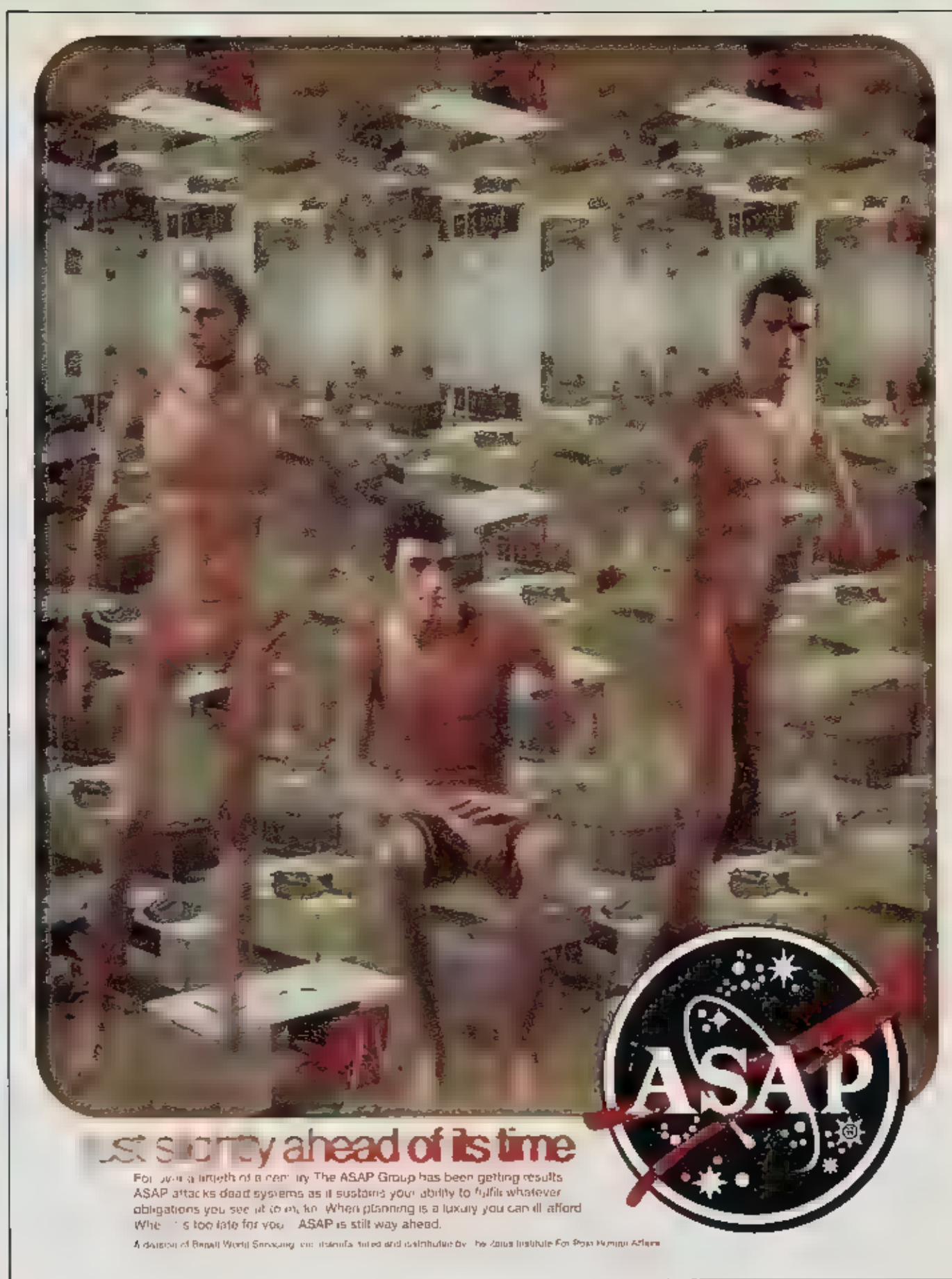
managed the feat of creating a place within an existing marketplace for his own radical or destabilizing perspective, has created brand loyalty for his own elusive **anti-products** and **anti-commercial voice**. Frequently, Beatkit utilizes the projects it is commissioned to decorate to then further propel/promulgate Beatkit's own momentum or visibility.

It gets hard here to map which chariot-horse is which. But the jarring singularity (and, one hopes, the ideological framework) underpinning this theoretical "Beatkit Style" is increasingly what is in greatest demand from clients: evidence that others have heard **Beatkit's Cassandra klaxon**.

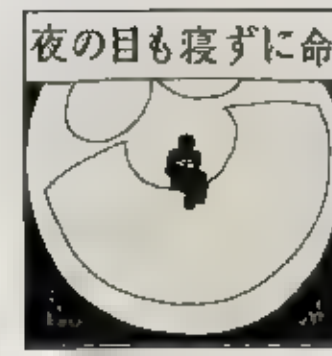
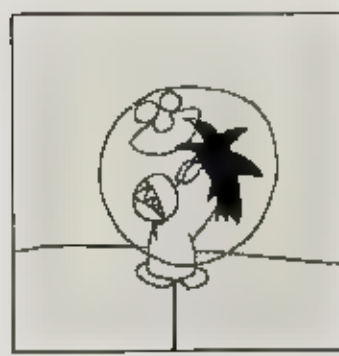
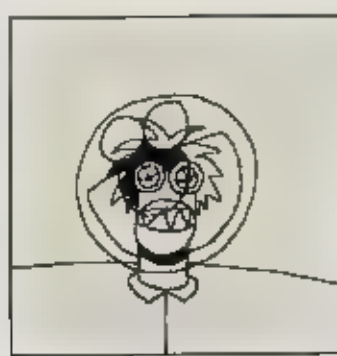
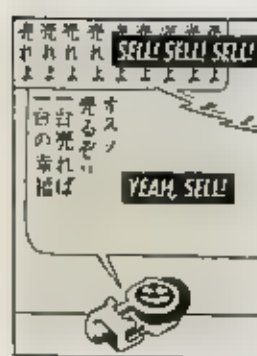
With certain clients he has worked for as a designer, Wolfe has been able to import Beatkit iconography and sloganeering into and onto "real" products that were once beyond the Beatkit pale, causing a **serendipitous symbiosis** to occur, broadening the aims of both. For instance, in his work with Seattle electronic music label Sweet Mother Recordings and their base of operations, the fatique nightclub ARO.space, Wolfe has on one level satisfied a client's need for consistent, smartly executed packaging and marketing materials. But even here — now at his client's behest — Wolfe deploys his Beatkit, deliberately placing opacities within his invisible and merged layers of meaning. Phrases in languages that are not commonly read by English-speaking people, technical jargon bent through cut-up, **semiotically barren or supersaturated symbols** of power and



The Choice Is Ours. Advertisement, 1996
Originally appeared in Back Brain Recluse



Advertisement for The ASAP Group, 1996



fetishware combine to replace typical photographic treatments of actual musicians or performers. For certain posters promoting national or international acts making stopovers in Seattle, Wolfe and Beatkit continually provide images that are fresh and timely but again, which challenge and suborn. A poster for the group Massive Attack depicts a **gigantic salaryman** in the midst of a 40-storey coronary, more an exercise in subverting the cuteness of japanimation imagery (which has already become tropic in the subgenre and therefore "assimilated"; therefore open to interrogation) than merely commemorating a live performance. A poster announcing a performance by Japan's answer to Beck, the ape-crazed Cornelius (co-sponsored by Beatkit's web host, Zaius) depicts a funky Zira at her *toilette* and with freshly sort of shaved ape-lady legs stretched out before us, inviting alpha and beta gaze alike, human and ape. A humorous, arresting image that goes an extra, thumb-toed step into **truly weird terrain**. The piece works great as a poster, but it works even better as another item in the Beatkit line, "dredging up the inarticulate" while persuading the viewer to accept it fully as mere illustration.

Without Beatkit's own uniquely eschatological agenda, these could be simply restagings of a certain kind of Mouse and Kellyism, codependent calisthenics in a blissfully intoxicated open system, all moving along the arrow of time into an **endlessly accumulating Platonic warehouse** of more and more of This Year's Model. Should we choose to, we can instead notice that on these occasions the

client Beatkit World Servicing "services" is accepting and intentionally allying itself with, and thus furthering, the virally vectoring language of Beatkit as it continues on its wormhole toward the **Double Zeroes**.

In a technologically ambivalent mock-corporate poster for Sweet Mother's *Free Activation Series* CD, Beatkit steals (or adds) thunder once again. The ultimate signifier of nothing in particular, Beatkit's canny **Remover Installer** device takes center stage as the ostensible "product" being sold to you, in full *Fortune* magazine fury. The tautological Remover Installers declare themselves as 3rd Dimensional shadows cast by 4th Dimensional hyperobjects. Not exactly the most useful product one could attempt to advertise, even if such hyperobjects could be verified to begin with. But armed with the sophistication of Beatkit's PR wing, we read the boastful headline: "No time? No space? No Problem!" and go on to read the manufacturer's assurances that this odd device (which looks like a **Baroque vintage modem** on loan from one of Terence McKenna's DMT trips) "outperforms even itself!" in the breathless tone of classic pitch ads. The rest of the package consists of **stock photography** of technological wonders (as anonymous as they are banal) juxtaposed with other stock photos of landfills and images of eerily perfect nature scenes (betrayed reverie, nostalgia for Edenic origins). The cumulative effect gracefully implicates the viewer in a high-tech autoamputation. Beatkit celebrates an aesthetic of focussed restraint, apparitional verisimilitude.

Uncanny!



**Beatkit's new personal enhancement film is so thin,
...you'll hardly know you're wearing it.**

Acme Visible™ is a revealing sheet of waste product you spray on to guard against reflection, penetration and superficial scarring caused by casual eye contact and other forms of exposure.

The secret is our patented encapsulation process called "exiling" which masks odors, expressions and any distinguishing marks or characteristics which might otherwise give you away.

Acme Visible™ works by actively dulling perception as it gently erases definable features, giving you a relaxed air of sufficiency that others are bound to notice.

In today's volatile social scene assimilation is everything, and nothing can alter your personal appearance as imperceptibly as Beatkit homogenizing thin films.

At work, rest or play,
Acme Visible™ has you covered.

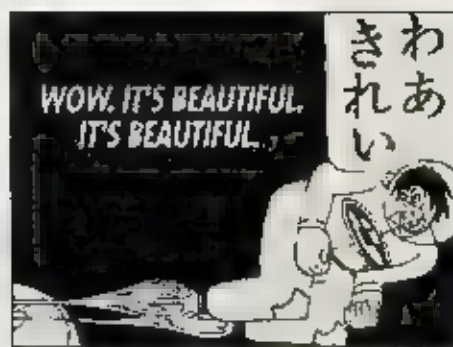
WARNING: NOT RECOMMENDED FOR CHILDREN.

If nervousness, sleeplessness or excitability occur, discontinue use and consult a licensed professional. In the case of an accidental or intentional overdose, contact a licensed poison control center immediately. **DO NOT** use Acme Visible™ if you are already taking a prescription monoamine oxidase inhibitor (MAOI).



The general gloss of falsity is our only product.

Advertisement for Beatkit's new **Acme Visible™** personal enhancement film, 1997



Though not immediately political, Beatkit nonetheless refuses to be anything less. Beatkit is a broker in chance, in polemic, and in what Richard Poirier calls "a literature of waste." A spin-off franchise phantom agency of Beatkit, the **ASAP Group**, is in various instances credited with promoting and disseminating information on an art movement dubbed **Toxism**, which is a discipline apparently celebrating the residues and pollutions we all by definition otherwise refuse as cultural products. (Ashley Bickerton's pollution series constructs explored some of these ideas in more plastic form). In his more personal texts and paintings, the substrate nature of cognition itself is questioned. In a painting titled *What Are People For?* (taken from the Wendell Berry book of the same name) Wolfe hauls out one of his Bionic Cats once again, inserting it into a deliciously artificial countryside. With its sharp spike aimed directly at a tired farmer's poor back, Wolfe's machine appears to double him over in pain. Meanwhile cheerful candylike pills are dispensed from the hindquarters of this vending cat, no doubt the cure for another manufactured ill. As always Beatkit is culturally armed at its own forehead. **McCluhan and McLaren** mix in near-equal parts, but again, within an American context, specifically the America of the jeremiad; Baudrillard's Astral America or the America detailed in Eco's *Travels in Hyperreality*; or the America described by Thomas Pynchon when he declares, "America was the edge of the World. A message for Europe, continent-sized, inescapable. Europe had found the site for its Kingdom of Death, that special Death the West had invented.... What it could not use, it killed or altered. In

time the death-colonies grew strong enough to break away. But the impulse to empire, the mission to propagate death, the structure of it, kept on. Now we are in the last phase...." This is a vision of a Dying Dream Era America more notable for its Geigerscratch **Trinity Test Site** than for its cracked and dilapidated museum piece Liberty Bell. The America of End Times, a completely antithetical depiction, in fact, to the more teflon image the United States attempts to clothe itself in as it saunters arrogantly on, metabolizing cultures, species, natural reserves, oceans, space, time...

History has outrun itself. Whether you share Beatkit's eschatological mode of The Spectacle or just the infinitely negative space Beatkit maps around the Spectacle, that Spectacle is not really the game. Like an Anti-Terminator, Beatkit comes from the eerie present to stop the past. The humor and the formal elegance of its design combine with a polemical stance to reinject into a rather **decadent predicament** the question: "What if?"

Eschatological gravity, the last half of the last decade of the second millennium A.D., has been a fast, fast flameout. But evidently we are looking forward to it — at **Virilio-speeds**, entering into the atmosphere with momentum that is clearly and audibly building toward those bold new zeroes, mainly due to the accelerated time-lapse photography that our lives and actions are now becoming. *Fast forward!* One must live willingly and dutifully in a "Since and Until"

Panic!

BY SHAWN WOLFE



The Lighter Side of Pencil. 1996. BOINGBOINGmagazine

FEEL PRO!



Vandalias Pro Custom Muscle Van Kits Are HERE!
And With Them, Over 700 Great Prizes!!!!*



Tenpop Works has captured the season's hottest new muscle van in this great customizing kit.

Now Simplot Special Products™
presents a special award bonus.
A reward for you as "Best of Show"
winner of over 100 small

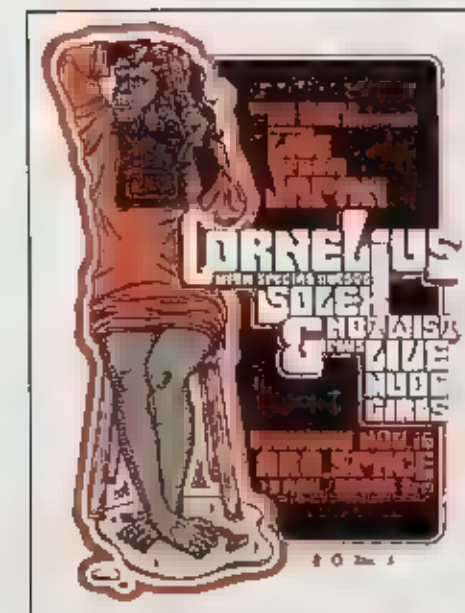
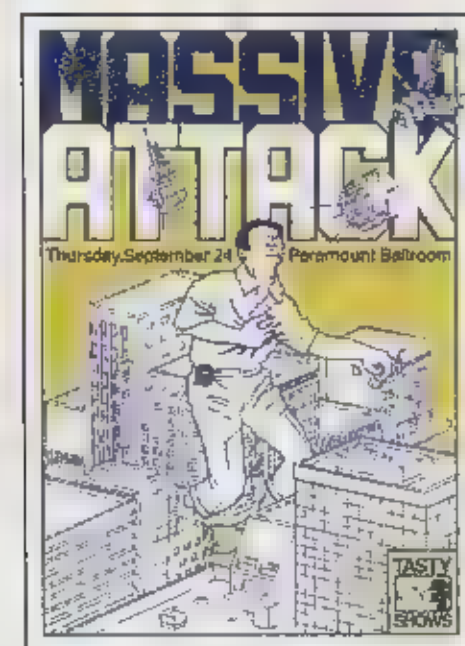
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Get your only toys and games rules at any Bergen-Pal Stop
or all your required baby items or department store

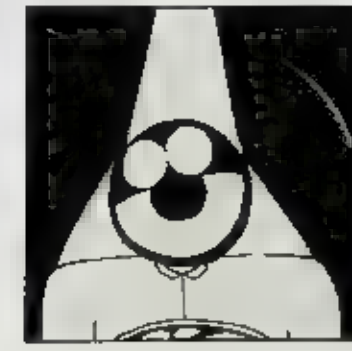


Beutkit Idea Contest

Master from The Vandalias' Buzzbomb! CD
K t box illustration by Scott Musgrave
©1998 Teneo Works



top: Truth In Advertising 7" single
Negativland, ©1997 Seeland Recs
center: Massive Attack poster
bottom: Cornelius poster



Beatkit invites us to take a closer look at our collective "Right Now." The Body, in every sense of the word, is increasingly being terminally annexed by the Technopoly, doggedly ravaged by a wide range of viral agents, worn down and down. Materially commodified beyond argument or dispute, our new response has been **the lazy gallows humor** of the complicit. The Nostalgia shockwaves hammering backwards into History, personal as well as collective, are shell games, cultural and commercial cons devised by mechanisms and cabals already firmly installed before any of us sucked our first air. Beatkit relentlessly calls attention to the proposition that the entire curve of human want and cunning is still politically and ecologically incorrect. Advertising continues to set the stage for a slower and slower death. **The Soul**, meanwhile (whatever it actually turns out to be), is real, and is at this very moment being contested by various principals and principalities: by Image Wars, Time Wars, and DeathStar Disney Machines.

And I think we know it. Yet, despite the bleak jazz of our remix jeremiad, marooned on the strand of **Astral America's Forbidden Zones**, Beatkit was and is and will be there already, *an advertisement for it's own future uselessness*.

for you and me. I have found that the vehicle of Beatkit and its rogue transmissions clarify for me aspects of The Spectacle and this in turn has enabled me not only to better perceive the forces at play all around me (alternately puncturing and pulling down the sky of **Spaceship Earth**), but in some insurrectionist's way to quietly prepare for **the Julian enigma** which will engulf us all and burn across a billion mindscreens in an instant. Teleped gadfly Beatkit consumes itself so that you may renew your own subscription...to yourself. *Make use of Beatkit!*

Darick Chamberlin is a writer and artist living in Seattle, Washington. His work has appeared in *SF Eye*, *The Stranger*, *Back Brain Recluse*, *boING boING* and on William Gibson's *Yardshow*. His illustrations were featured in the *Banner Entertainment* film *Delivered*. His seminal work of cyberpunk literature, the proto-novel *Cigarette Boy* was published in 1992, and is currently available through the *Zaius Post Human Archive* [<http://www.zaius.com>]. He currently serves as a content editor to *NoiseTank* [<http://www.noisetank.com>].

Shawn Wolfe can be contacted at [beatkit@zaius.com]



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WY

NOTES ON THE WEST
BY MARTIN VENEXKY



3/



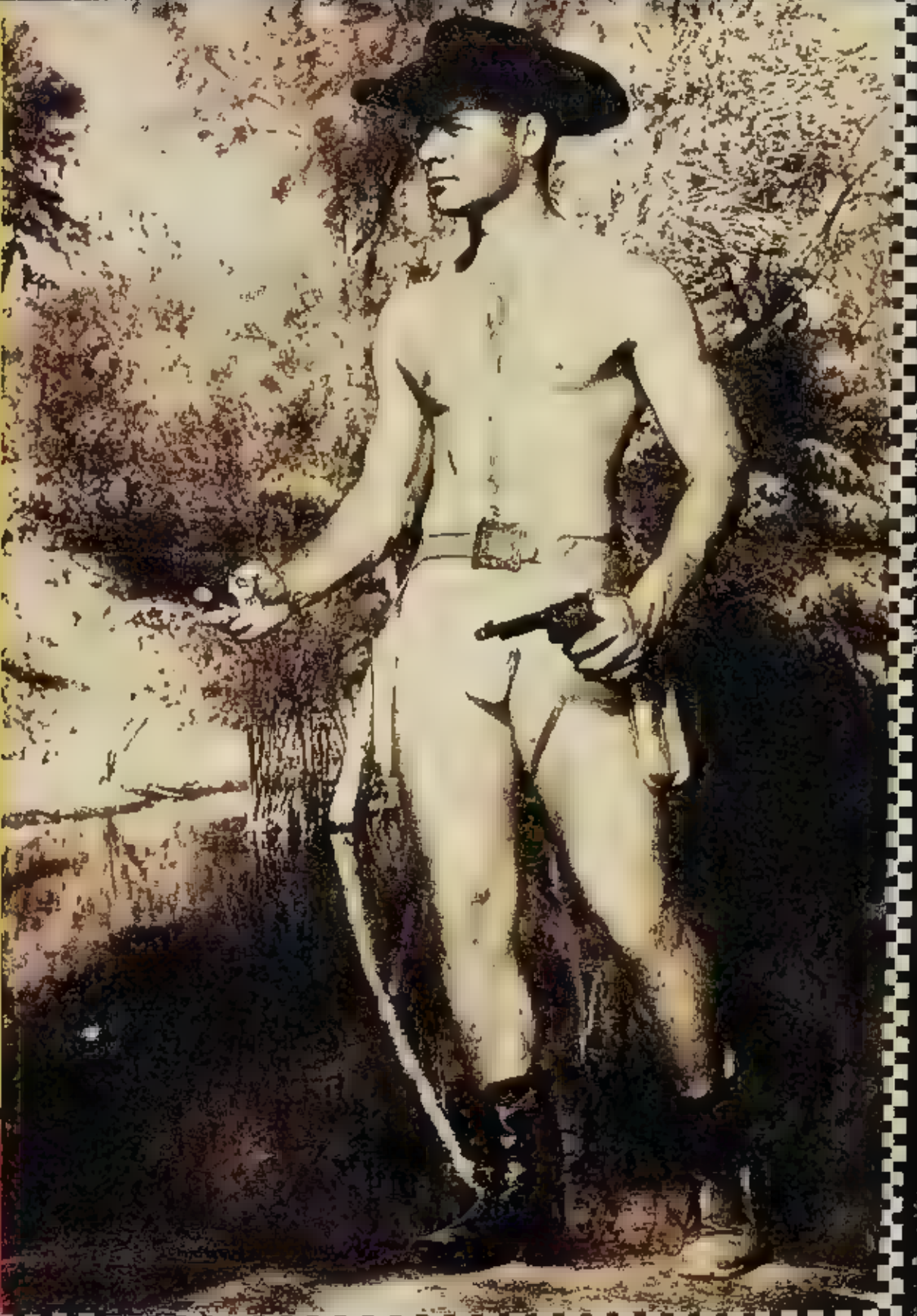
I was five
when the West Was Won and that was how I learned
that parents who die are
left behind, sealed beneath wreath
and surface

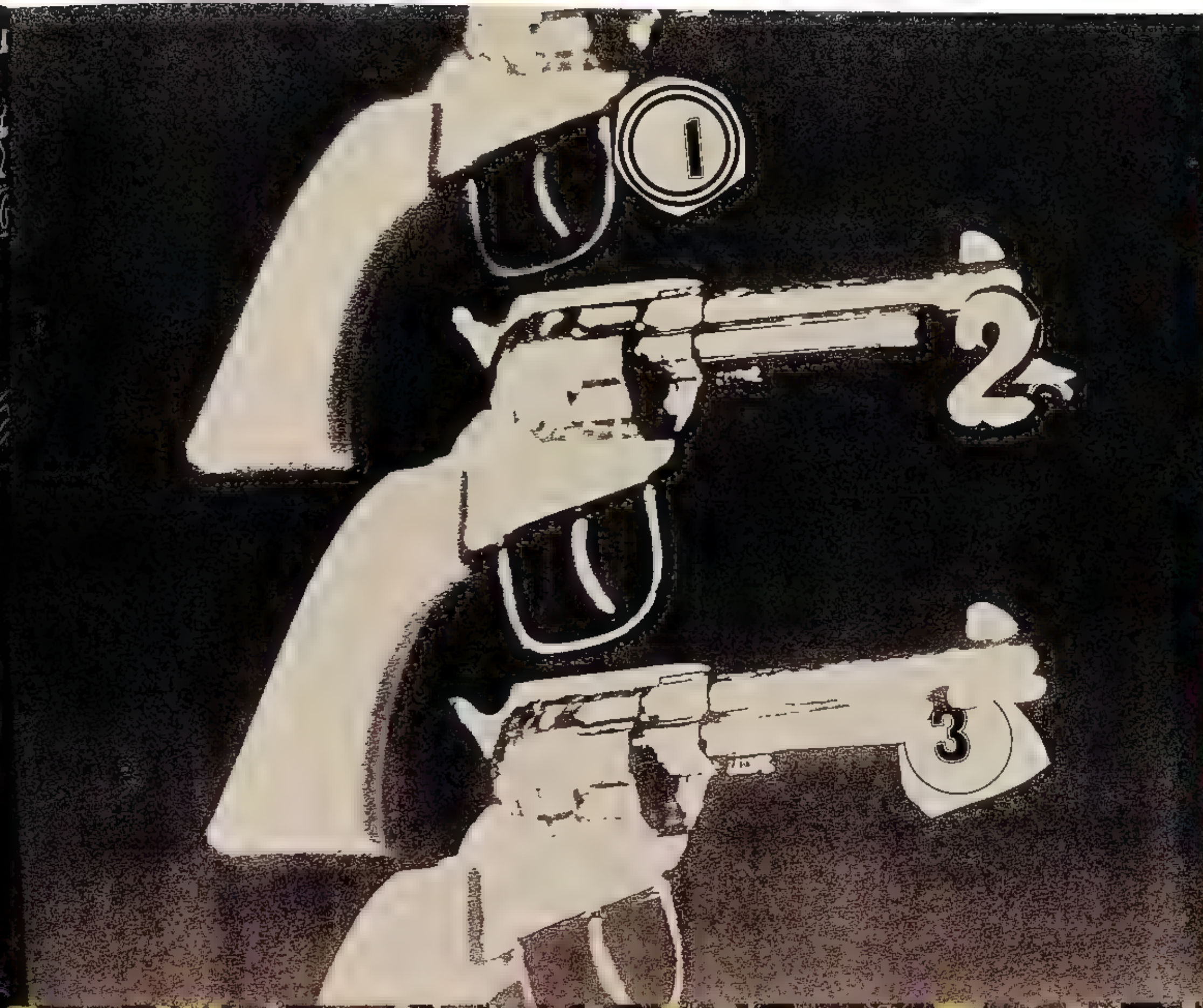
The music that simmered in the funeral soundtrack floats back to a
glitterwalk where, leaving the show I gush onto mother's coat and pen myself within her shadow.
Stumbling, I think.


This is just how
she will lie down in the
earth

FI

One pure frame outgleams two epic hours the survivors bend solemnly towards a cross blooming from field into music
sprinkling waxy sugar upon children like me But this was when
I was five and the West was A wonderplace for boys



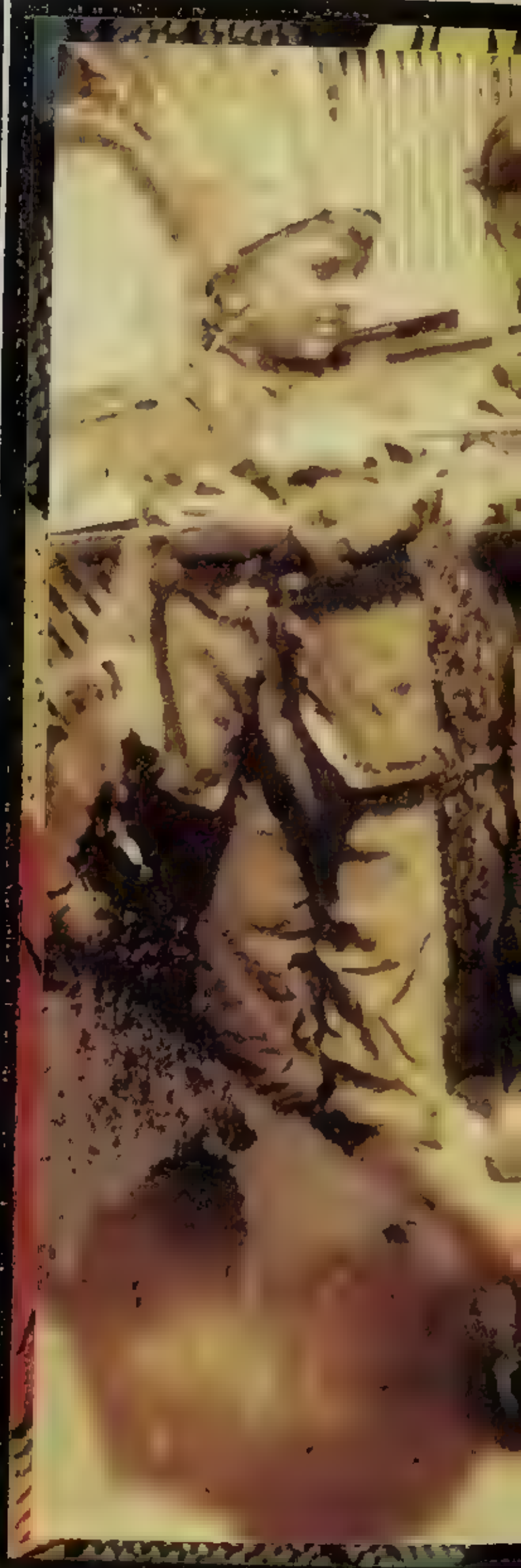




I know this man riding through a warm
bath caught between the light sinking
down upon him and the light swirling
above

AND STILL he is neither root nor
dust— but still
DEEP water draws from him his town
his name .







WEST

While he wags with a muddy impudence
I smooch down his hair and replace
his hat.

My hand rests for a moment against his
cheek and I am surprised by its softness.

I remember it rough and his winning,
but here it is washed flannel. Grasp his pliant
shoulders. They are not yet ready to
bear much weight but hesitant to fall into
an embrace.

This swaggering boy will be my father.
This is where my *West* begins.

EMIGRE
CHOLLA
FAMILY

*

*

A Type Specimen
Designed by
Sibylle Hagmann

LEMON CHIFFON CADILLAC

Deborah Griffin interviews Sibylle Hagmann and Denise Gonzales Crisp

[WITH
BUTTERcream
interior]

12 POINT REGULAR

I'm seated at a modest wooden dining table across from my host, Sibylle Hagmann, who keeps a watchful eye on my plate. Next to me is Denise Gonzales Crisp, senior designer for Art Center College of Design. We are all enjoying the unpretentious meal Sibylle has prepared. She offers more pasta, more bread, and refills our glasses the moment they threaten emptiness. She attends to the details of the meal as she might to a type design, Sibylle's passion.

Sibylle has been living in Pasadena since 1994. Originally from Switzerland, she left Zurich to attend California Institute of the Arts in Valencia, California, where she met then fellow graduate student Denise, a native Southern Californian. In 1996, they both earned M.F.A.s in graphic design. Over the last year and a half,

2 POINT LEADED

TRADE CHOLLA MARK

they developed a type CHOLLA SANS ITALIC
CHOLLA SANS REGULAR
 family for Art Center's CHOLLA SANS BOLD
CHOLLA SANS THIN
 publications. Sibylle CHOLLA WIDE
CHOLLA WIDE SMALL CAPS EXPLORED Ideas that CHOLLA SLAB REGULAR
 she, Denise, and CHOLLA SLAB OBLIQUE
 Carla, the school's CHOLLA SLAB BOLD
CHOLLA SLAB THIN associate designer,
CHOLLA UNICASE generated together. CHOLLA UNICASE LIGATURES

aAaAaAaA

CHOLLA SANS

CHOLLA SANS REGULAR

9 POINT
3 POINT LEAD

What survived in this collaborative process is the type family Cholla ['chôl-yə], designed by Sibylle and named after a species of cactus she encountered in the Mojave Desert. *** GRIFFIN: Denise, you approached Sibylle to design a typeface for the school. Why her? DENISE: I liked the faces I had seen her doing in grad school, so I asked her to do some sketches.... SIBYLLE: ...Though I didn't feel quite like a "real" type designer.... GRIFFIN: Meaning? SIBYLLE: Meaning I did attend the Basel School of Design, where I first came into contact with type design and learned a respect for designers like Adrian Frutiger, the designer of Univers. But I trained as a graphic designer. GRIFFIN:

11 POINT
2 POINT LEAD

And you started designing typefaces when? While you were at Cal Arts? SIBYLLE: Actually, my interest began a bit earlier, while I was working as a graphic designer at Zintzmeyer & Lux in Zurich, where I met Hans Eduard Meyer, the designer of Syntax, among other typefaces. I saw him...working on the typeface for the new Swiss bills...and he was working in Fontographer on the computer. It was unusual to see someone of his generation sitting and working in front of a Macintosh. I talked with him about his

CHOLLA SANS ITALIC

9 POINT
3 POINT LEAD

long career as a type designer and typographer, which deeply impressed me. GRIFFIN: Did you work with him on typefaces? SIBYLLE: I observed. I was at the studio while he was there, but I wasn't working on the design of the bills. GRIFFIN: But you got a sense of the kind of work it takes to design a typeface.... SIBYLLE: Right. The discipline was something I became very interested in. There was something about seeing these outline forms on the screen, seeing how it was done, and how he carefully moved things around on screen, even though I had no clue at that point because I had never worked digitally on typefaces. I yearned to do it but didn't have access at the time.

11 POINT
2 POINT LEAD

GRIFFIN: He was doing the face as a commission? SIBYLLE: Yes. Back then, during the early 90s, commissioning a typeface for a specific project was rather exceptional. I didn't know then of any other instances in Switzerland. Today there seems to be

YOU KNOW
WHEN YOU

FIRST DISCOVER

THAT THING,

THAT DREAM CREAMY

OBSESSION.

OOOON

[HUNKY HAPPINESS IS ALL IN A ROW! KA-CHING!

KA-POW! SENDS YOU CRUISE LHOOSIN'

IN A LEMON CHIFFON LADLLAC

KA-CHAAAAH

CHOLLA SANS BOLD

make a living from doing it. The way it is now I'm more a graphic designer than a type designer, just because that's how most of my time is spent. But I would definitely like to devote more time to type design and less time to graphic design. Maybe looking to the future, [I would] reserve graphic design mainly for typographic work. GRIFFIN: Does Cholla exist because of this commission? SIBYLLE: Actually, I began Cholla while I was a graduate student. At that time I had no intention of it being commissioned by anybody. GRIFFIN: What were you interested in when you were doing the first drawings? SIBYLLE: I was looking to design a typeface that I

could feel comfortable making, first of all, and one that would serve a purpose, [that had] a clear idea behind it, and something that I would want to use myself. ...I had done exercises before where I designed faces that I would not necessarily want to use. So I wanted to create something that would serve me. GRIFFIN: Aren't there enough typefaces to choose from? SIBYLLE: Well, yes. There are enough typefaces. But I don't feel guilty about Cholla, if that's what you mean, [laughs], about bringing

CHOLLA SANS THIN

another face into the world. We also have enough well designed chairs, enough cars, clothes. Why do we need to design more things? GRIFFIN: Okay, why? SIBYLLE: Because the world evolves. Things change everyday. GRIFFIN: If that's the case, how long do you hope Cholla to be relevant? SIBYLLE: That's a tricky question. I wish to say for a long time, but probably it won't because that would not confirm what I just said. GRIFFIN: In developing the family, did you have longevity in mind, or were you expecting it to be of the moment? Denise, this is something you could answer. You must have some intentions toward longevity because you're aligning the face with an institution that has both a long history and I

expect, a long future. SIBYLLE: That's actually something I'd like to ask Denise myself...why she was interested in this typeface. Did you think that it was fashionable? DENISE: Obviously, I did see a contemporary quality to the face. Why would I choose a stodgy looking face for a lively design school? But the forms seemed classical as well. This combination could have a long life and still be timely. I also saw—at least in the beginnings of Cholla—forms that connoted hybrid, which is both a general trend and of interest to me. Certain

TRADE CHOLLA MARK

CHOLLA SANS REGULAR , CHOLLA SANS ITALIC

FOR THE...FOR THE COOL BUTTER
CREAM-LEATHER UNDER YOUR

THIGHS. ELBOWS LOCK, STOCK AND

BARREL-LING AGAINST THE WHEEL

DON'T

AND BABY BLUE SHIMMER OF

CHANGE THAT QUICKLY...they

don't go out of **fashion**

with the same speed that BACKDROPPING SKY,
FROM THIS AND THIS
AND PUREST CLEANED

colors do. *So this notion*

of the **hybrid**—
of interconnection,

ADRENALIN KICK.

FAR FETCHING

of human and machine

AND LOVE LIKENESS SIXTEEN

growing together—
are **ideas**

CYLINDER REMEDY FOR ME.

that AREN'T GOING TO GO AWAY SOON.

TRADE CHOLLA MARK

FOR ME.

These notions seem appropriate, too, for a school that teaches design and art. GRIFFIN: You saw a *Cholla*? Do you think that's communicated in the font? DENISE: Yes to the first question, no to the second. Of course the typeface

has evolved so much further than

I ever imagined it would.... SIBYLLE: That's right. DENISE: ...and I'm amazed where it ended up being able to go, which I think speaks to the strength of the basic ideas, as well as to Sibylle's imagination. SIBYLLE: That was interesting for

me too, to see how its character

istics could be pushed. Or how much...it's like you take a piece of wood and you start to sculpt it. I think that's what was happening. It's form making, but it takes a lot of critical distance too, to evaluate and form it into something

more interesting...and more usa

ble. GRIFFIN: So it's as if the *experience* of building it, and then of responding to it, massaging it, is part of what has given the face its form. This seems different from a more rational approach to designing: the problem-solving ethic in

which criteria—or a brief—is giv

en, and a prescribed audience is identified. Then it's your job as the engineer/designer, more so than as the visual form maker, to make all these aspects, goals, criteria, fit into a cohesive, "designed" solution. The process in this case

seems much more organic. Si

BYLLE: Yes. Denise didn't come to me saying "I need a contemporary face that has humanistic-slash-geometric machine connotations." It was the other way around. But I think that was part of the beauty of the process and part of why the

design turned out the way it

did. DENISE: Also, I don't think I would have approached Sibylle with an idea like that. But I did recognize an affinity for what the typeface suggested—for the ideas already there—from the moment I saw *Cholla*. Connecting with that

helped me continue to define

where Art Center's identity could go. I guess you could say a synthesis of ideas.... GRIFFIN:...And circumstance....

DENISE: Right, of course. Sibylle and I met and became pals in grad school. But there were plenty of other original

typefaces I'd come in contact

with there and elsewhere. So I just consider myself fortunate to have encountered this particular one. Also, what Sibylle was doing resonated with my sensibilities. GRIFFIN: The same sensibilities that you then brought with you

to Art Center? DENISE: Naturally. And as their validity to Art Center surfaced, and as I tried out Cholla and applied it, many of the ideas in the family emerged...as a result of adding Art Center,

the institution, to the equa

tion. My interest in pursuing a commissioned typeface in the first place was to distinguish Art Center. GRIFFIN: Couldn't that be done with an existing typeface? DENISE: It wouldn't be as unique,

which is part of what identi

ty is about. Plus, typefaces always have a whole history attached to them—some quite deep—that I can't ignore. Of course, I or some other designer could decide that what is needed is to

align the school solely with

tradition, and so could use more historically proven faces to reflect this. That would be fine, but I think a design school can and should go a step further. GRIFFIN: Sibylle, do you agree with Denise

that typeface is the way to

establish identity? SIBYLLE: This is one means of establishing an identity. Typically, an identity consists of type face, of image, color and surrounding elements applied in an open way. But cer-

TAINLY TYPE WAS, IN THE CASE

of [Art Center's] catalog, a very important element in pulling things together. DENISE: Right, which is also why this strange family of faces works for Art Center. It's a school that houses nine quite

DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS. IT

also has over sixty years of alumni plus donors, future donors, current students, potential students. Each of these groups has a range of programs, events, collateral...it would seem all of

THEM ARE UNIFIED THROUGH

Art Center, yet they can't all be the same. Whatever typeface I commissioned needed to allow for difference, yet hold together. I applied this theory to the catalog. The experiment proved, I think, that

A TYPE FAMILY—IN PARTICULAR

one made up of members from different type classifications—can be a strong unifying factor, if the family is distinctive enough. SIBYLLE: Could you imagine some other typefaces that would have

And since you got the shoes
you got to move. On. Tap
Tapping out
rat-a-tat-a lace and
spun sugar sweetness
to set upon satin trouser
cuffs. Shiny sheen.

Ka-Ching!
Clap flapping

CHOLLA WIDE

9 POINT 3 POINT LEAD
fin wings on ankles
achieved the same result? DENISE: Probably. But I hadn't found any that interested me as much. GRIFFIN: What were your options? DENISE: I could have commissioned a typeface that was similar to an existing one. But that's just an exercise in subtlety. I could have commissioned another typeface entirely and it might have worked. Identity is established by use, not because a designer found the perfect fit.... Of course you've got to be conscious of what the final form connotes, but given that, any number of avenues would have been right. I chose Cholla because I had an affinity for it, and I had faith in

11 POINT 2 POINT LEAD
Sibylle, and that we could develop something right for the school. GRIFFIN: So Cholla finally was more appropriate than anything else at your disposal, relative to your taste and understanding of how the school wants to be perceived? DENISE: Appropriate is as appropriate does. In other words, anything can be appropriate.... SIBYLLE: But we also made it more appropriate, I mean, the path we went together... all these weights had reasons why

CHOLLA WIDE SMALL CAPS

9 POINT 3 POINT LEAD
THEY WERE CREATED. SO IN THAT SENSE WE.... DENISE: WELL, I WASN'T JUST INTERESTED IN FUNCTIONALITY. BUT THAT'S TRUE, THERE WERE DIRECTIONS WE EXPLORED AND THEN ABANDONED OR POSTPONED BECAUSE THEY WERE GOING IN A DIRECTION THAT SEEMED INAPPROPRIATE FOR ART CENTER IN THE MOMENT. SIBYLLE: WHAT I MEAN IS, IT WAS APPROPRIATE FOR YOU TO HAVE AT SOME POINT AN ITALIC, APPROPRIATE TO HAVE A SLAB. DENISE: WHERE IT BECAME REALLY *À PROPOS* WAS IN THE FAMILY'S RANGE. HOW MANY SANS SERIF FACES ARE THERE WHERE THE OBLIQUE IS ROOTED IN A TRUE ITALIC? OR WHERE THERE'S A COMPANION SLAB SERIF AND A

11 POINT 2 POINT LEAD
WIDE, WHEN THE REGULAR WEIGHT IS SANS SERIF AND NARROW? THE IDEAS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE. GRIFFIN: I SEE. CAN YOU THINK OF, SIBYLLE, ANY OTHER TYPEFACES DOING THAT? SIBYLLE: THERE ARE A COUPLE OF CONTEMPORARY FACES LOOKING INTO A HYBRID OF TRUE ITALIC AND SLOPED REGULAR FORMS, LIKE *Scala Sans* BY MARTIN MAJDOOR. FOR VARIETY OF WEIGHTS AND TYPES, I CAN THINK OF *ZUZANA LICKO'S BASE* OR *LUC(AS) DE GROOT'S FF THESIS*. CHOLLA'S RANGE IS OF COURSE MUCH

aA Aa aA aA

CHOLLA WIDE

CHOLLA UNICASE

more LIMITED BUT UNIQUE IN THAT A NUMBER OF THE 12 CUTS HAVE SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT PERSONALITIES, DIFFERENT IDEAS APPLIED. FOR EXAMPLE, THE BOLD WEIGHT ISN'T SIMPLY THE REGULAR WITH WEIGHT GAIN, BUT IS BOLD LETTERFORMS WITH THEIR OWN PECULIAR DETAILS. WHAT ALL WEIGHTS SHARE AND WHAT IS THE NECESSARY UNIFYING DETAIL IS THE TAPERED CURVE — MARKED OUT, FOR EXAMPLE, IN THE LOWERCASE B'S LEFT TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE BOWL. DENISE: SIBYLLE, I RECALL THAT YOU WERE INTERESTED IN SEEING IF CHOLLA COULD BECOME A SERIF FACE AND I WANTED TO REPRESENT ART CENTER'S TIES TO THE EARLY

DAYS OF ADVERTISING. SO THE RESULT, CHOLLA SLAB, EVOLVED FROM THESE TWO INTERESTS. AND I WANTED TO HAVE A FACE THAT REFLECTED SOME OF THE IDEALISM OF HIGH MODERNISM, WHICH ART CENTER ALSO ALLIES ITSELF WITH. SIBYLLE: THIS IS IN PART HOW THE CHOLLA MONO CAME INTO EXISTENCE.... I REMEMBER SITTING IN A BAR WITH YOU AND CARLA [FIGUEROA] TALKING ABOUT LIGATURES AND THIS MONO CASE, WHICH WE NOW CALL "UNICASE".... GRIFFIN: IT

CHOLLA UNICASE LIGATURE

SOUNDS TO ME AS IF ART CENTER AS AN INSTITUTION WASN'T EXACTLY DICTATING THE FORM OF THE TYPEFACE, AND THE FORM WASN'T EXACTLY FORCING ITSELF ONTO THE ART CENTER'S IDENTITY. IT SEEMS TO BE MORE YOUR SHARED SENSIBILITIES. PERHAPS THEY WERE APPROPRIATE BECAUSE YOU WERE THE ONES THERE DOING IT. DENISE: GOES AGAINST CONVENTIONAL DESIGN WISDOM, RIGHT? WE DESIGNERS LIKE TO THINK WE'RE MUCH MORE IN CONTROL, THAT THERE'S A RATIONAL PROBLEM AND WE'RE IN CONTROL OF THE ANSWER, OF THE OUTCOME AND THE WAY THE "SOLUTION" FUNCTIONS IN THE WORLD. I DO BELIEVE WE CAN MAKE SOME SOUND,

INFORMED GUESSES, BUT FINALLY IT'S A BIT OF A CRAP SHOOT, AT LEAST IN MY EXPERIENCE. SIBYLLE: WELL, MAYBE THAT ACTUALLY WAS THE BEAUTY AND THE LUCK, AND THE NATURE OF THIS PROJECT. IT STARTED WITH ONE WEIGHT, AND MAYBE IN A RATHER—IF NOT NAIVE WAY—IN AN UNPRECEDENTED WAY WE WERE TRYING OUT DIFFERENT KINDS OF THINGS. AND THE TYPEFACE HAD A GOOD BASE SKELETON THAT OBVIOUSLY COULD BE MANIPULATED IN MANY WAYS. DENISE: WHICH WE DISCOVERED,

Mark turf. Make a sweep of arms and claim a name

Stake a game and swing! Swing! BRRINGG-A-LING! Dazzle dare dig there
Unearth your face. Go now go go!

WE DIDN'T
predict.
GRIFFIN: SO
are you
telling me
THAT THIS
typeface

SELECTED LIGATURES

A^S A_T CC CKY e_e ES ETC. FF Ff G^a G^o Hⁱ IS LA L_e MS MR MS Off THE TOO TU UP VA ZI Z_z

— Ah!
Kip
Ho

evolved, to some extent, out of ignorance? SIBYLLE: To a certain degree I think, yes. Ignorance of traditional ways, of staying within standards.... DENISE: And maybe the fearlessness that comes from not knowing everything, not being masters. We both have a profound respect for the craft. .. Well, Sibylle has much, much more understanding than I. But I guess I'm more attracted to things that develop out of not knowing right from wrong entirely. So, I don't know if I'd call it ignorance, as much as... knowing innocence? SIBYLLE: Innocence and eagerness, or the joy of searching and experimenting. Joy over going out there, and like a child, seeing what happens if I add these feet to that stroke. And what happens if we go for one case (as in the uncase font mono.) DENISE: And for me as the user of the font...take, for instance, Cholla Thin. I can't remember when that surfaced. I think it was something you were playing around with in your explorations. Anyway, you were thinking of it as an alternative for the text weight, and I began using it for headlines.... SIBYLLE: Laughs, Yes actually I designed it to be used for captions— to be used very small for very discreet things. So that surprised me how you started using it so large. DENISE: Yeah, right. Like at 180 pt., and larger.

Trafal-gah! Rare fairness
and burst-ness of heart!

aAaAaAaA

CHOLLA SLAB

CHOLLA SLAB REGULAR

In fact, that choice became a dominant flavor in the catalog. Cholla Thin proved to be so beautifully elegant, you can see the fluid shapes and the fun behind some of the forms when it's huge. The face just came so alive at that scale.... GRIFFIN: You mentioned a joy in this collaboration. Isn't that a little cute, a bit unsophisticated in these latter days? SIBYLLE: The original or main goal wasn't joy. It was more about the collaboration, which turned out to be joyful. And very fruitful, maybe also because we had so little time to do it....

DENISE: Yeah, way too little time. It is remarkable what Sibylle accomplished in that time—and you're only seeing what we left in! SIBYLLE: It was thrilling for me...but I think that today there's a lack of these kinds of collaborations. I see an interesting role for a typeface designer here...to work with and accommodate a designer, or even a client with an aesthetic sensibility and design-based ideas

CHOLLA SLAB OBLIQUE

that will add to the outcome, that will improve the product, as opposed to just "shopping" for a typeface. GRIFFIN: But Cholla seems an unusual case because you were working with a colleague, a designer, and a friend. Could that same collaboration occur with a client who might hire you to design another typeface? DENISE: Collaboration implies a mutual respect, a sense of mutual contribution. But that's not typically the setup, working on a commission. SIBYLLE: No, I agree. And it would be naive to think another commission would work

in the same way. I do believe, though—and this is part of my interest in type design—that there is a certain amount of respect given to type design. At least more than what is given to graphic design. DENISE: *Maybe because type design is so arcane. I mean, who can make comment, other than "it's readable," except other designers and type designers?* GRIFFIN: *Though Art Center commissioned Cholla, the family is*

And that is all there is to make of it. Of now or then of zoom-boom grooming hope! Gearing tearing along burnt gray stone. Ta-Dah! CHOLLA SLAB BOLD *You arrive*

now available to anyone. Will Cholla's general use weaken the identity for Art Center, or conversely, do you think sales will be hindered as people understand that the font was/is integral to this identity? DENISE: I've only been using the font for about fifteen months or so, and the work we have done has yet to be widely publicized through competitions, articles, etc. So the equity hasn't been built as much as I had hoped...and we didn't have exclusive use for long. I doubt that Cholla is inextricably connected

with Art Center. We do have a lot of material circulating out there already using Cholla, and a number of pieces are being published now, for what that's worth. SIBYLLE: I don't think general use will, in and of itself, weaken Art Center's identity, just because Denise and Carla have used it in ways unique to them as designers, and to that institution. DENISE: And it depends on how popular

CHOLLA SLAB THIN

the face becomes, and in what way...that is if it's perceived as trendy or if it lives as a viable text family.... SIBYLLE: Yes, the character of the face will determine how pop or how usable as a text the face is. I think I've designed it to be a more practical family, not overpowering in its characteristics. My hope is that it has a strong character without being too loud. I'm anxiously waiting to see how Cholla will be used. DENISE: I admit I was disappointed that we couldn't contract exclusive use of the family, but by the same token, it presents a challenge for how I might use it, or

how I move on. GRIFFIN: Do you two intend to continue with the experiment? DENISE: I could see that. What form it takes I can't predict, any more than I could have predicted in the beginning what we ended up with. SIBYLLE: It's grown even since I decided to distribute it through Emigre, in terms of more weights and range....And I've learned a lot from Zuzana too. I was lucky to again have had a collaboration that I gained from....

9 POINT

3 POINT LEAD

*to say
you found
a way to yet
another
way to go.*

Hooooo-rah!!!

Eng. Wide

11 POINT

2 POINT LEAD

9 POINT

3 POINT LEAD

11 POINT

2 POINT LEAD



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